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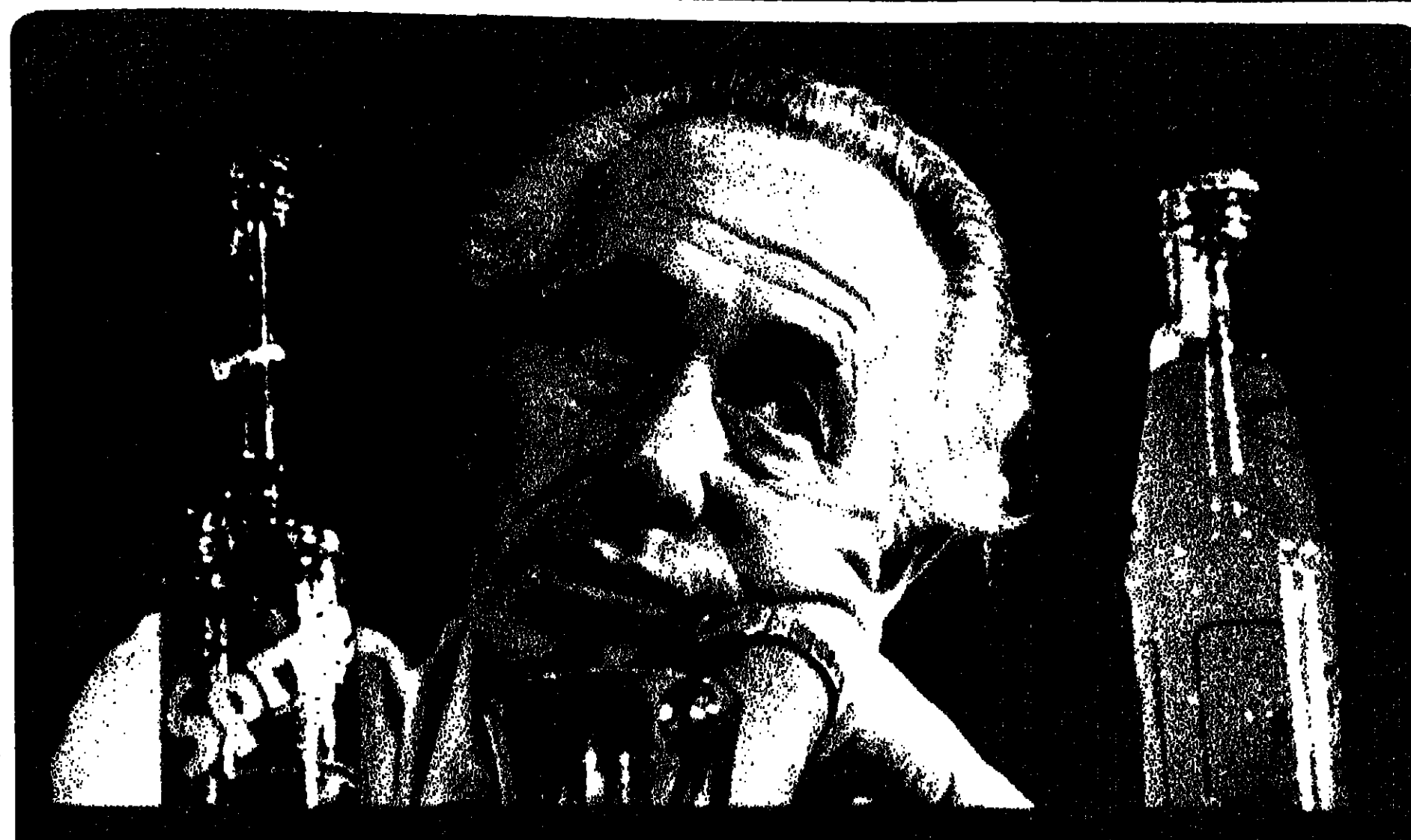
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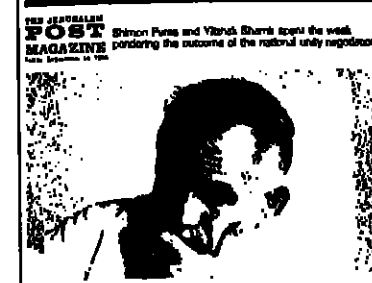
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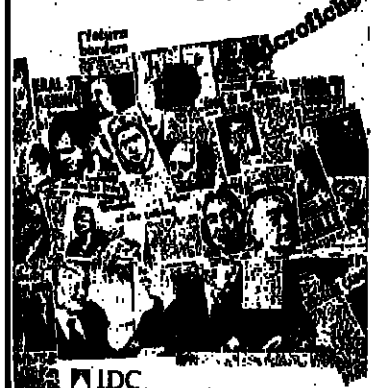


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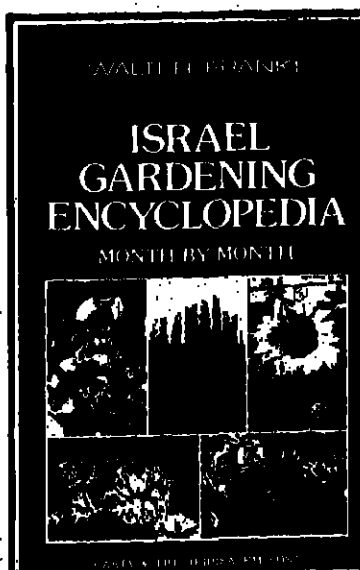
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BARUCH HAKLAI, head of the Unemployment Service, expects twice as many unemployed in 1985 as there were at the end of 1983. The number of jobless is increasing, he says, but there is not going to be mass unemployment on the European scale. It is impossible to know how future government policy will affect the situation, he cautions; it depends on what the government does.

Dr. Israel Katz, director of the Centre for Social Policy Studies, agrees. "We are on the eve of far-reaching government decisions on the economy," says the former Labour minister. Any predictions made today are risky, but one thing is certain: it is going to get worse.

This is also the view of David Ammar, deputy secretary of the Beit Shemesh Labour Council and head of the local trade union department. The local plants and factories are waiting to see what happens, he explains; but they are all talking about cutting down their work forces - many of them by as much as 50 per cent.

BEIT SHEMESH resents its reputation as a depressed development town. In the town centre, a man shouted at photographer Brian Hendler as he was taking pictures for this article. "Why do you always come here and take negative pictures?" He gestured at the men sitting drinking coffee. "Tell them to go to work; there are plenty of jobs!"

David Ammar explained that the local citizens are sensitive about their media image. There were positive aspects to the town, he said, pointing out the fine view over the Judean hills. Attempts have certainly been made to beautify the town. There are flowers and shrubs at the entrance, in the centre and even in front of some of the local factories.

There had always been an unemployment problem in Beit Shemesh, Ammar noted. Most of the 30 local factories were only small. Beit Shemesh Engines employed 1,270 workers; the next largest was the Nesher cement works with 130, and after that the other plants were smaller still, giving work to no more than 30 or 40 people.

Many Beit Shemesh people had always worked outside the town. "Come here at 6 a.m.," he suggested, "and you'll see all the buses going to Jerusalem and the Dan region, full of workers."

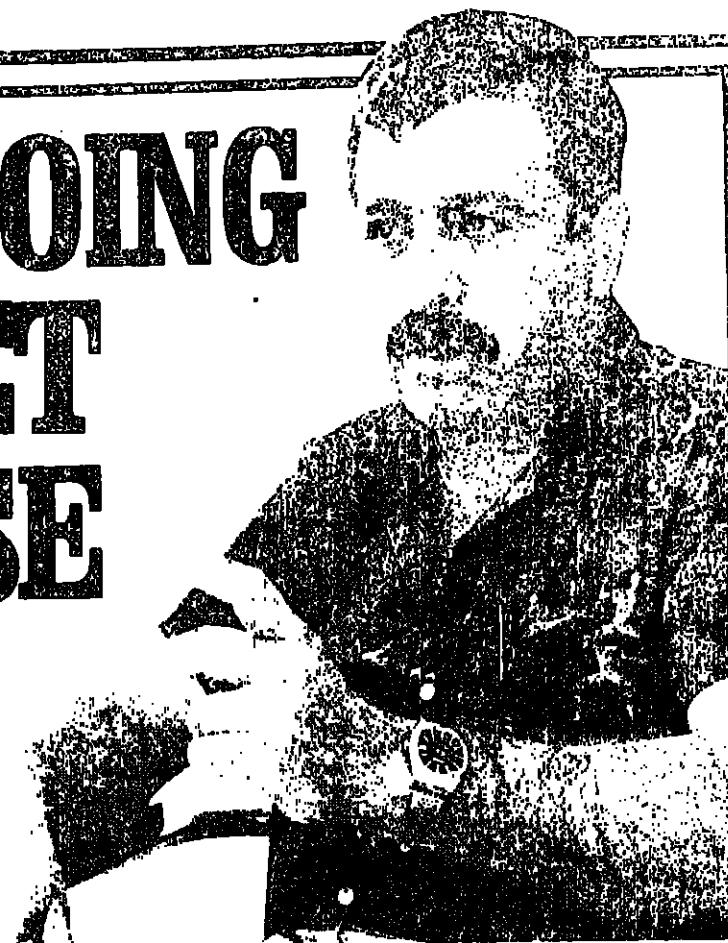
The problem with unemployment, said Ammar, was that the lower-paid workers were always the first to be affected. When Beit Shemesh Engines laid off some workers recently, it was the local residents who lost their jobs, not the professional engineers and technicians who commuted from outside. The company was preparing for the production of parts for the Lavi, but it was looking for engineers to help with planning and design; not for production workers who might be locals.

There was a positive potential in this, Ammar hastened to add. If some of the engineers came to live in the town, it would be beneficial, but it didn't solve the unemployment problem.

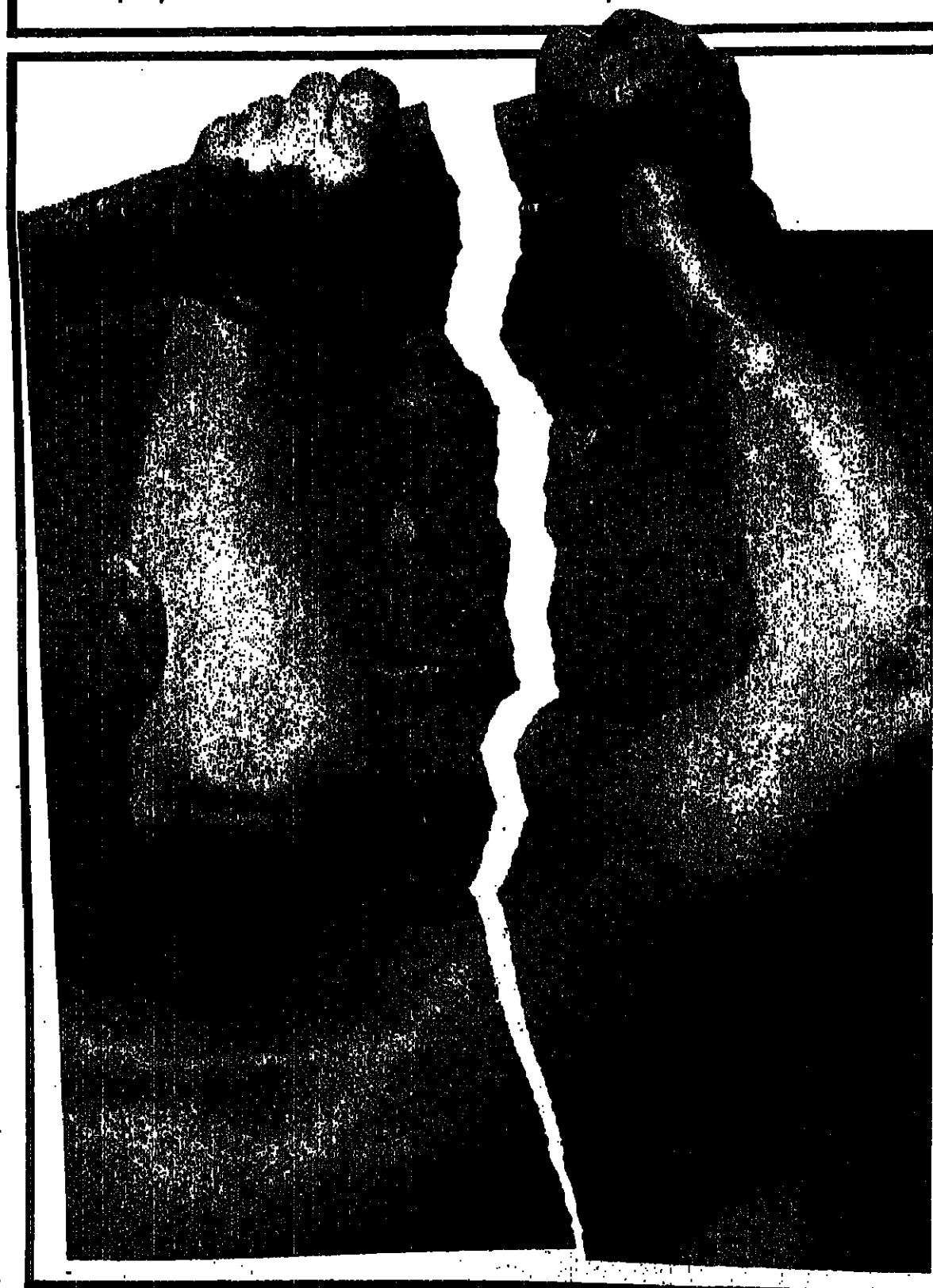
There were a number of retraining courses being run in town, he pointed out, but sometimes the graduates of the courses couldn't find work when they finished.

DAVID OHANA, 28, father of two, recently completed a year-long course to be a quality-control inspector. His aim had been a job at Beit Shemesh Engines; but when he was ready, there wasn't one. He had tried the Israel Aircraft Industries in Lod - he didn't mind the journey -

IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE



The Post's DANIEL GAVRON visits Beit Shemesh to talk to unemployed workers and interviews two experts on the situation.



but there, too, he had been unsuccessful.

Ohana worked at the engines plant after his army service, but later found employment with the Jewish National Fund, as a forestry supervisor. The Moroccan-born Ohana, who speaks fluent Arabic, had worked with an Arab team. He got on well with them and enjoyed his work in the open air; but the JNF had been forced to a trench, and he lost his job.

"I went to fight in Lebanon," he says bitterly. "I nearly got killed. Then, two months after I got back, I received my reward: dismissal!"

Nevertheless, Ohana had gone for retraining, with enthusiasm, and he still hoped for a job in either IAI or Beit Shemesh Engines.

Another man who lost his job recently is veteran Yosef Kadosh, who immigrated from Morocco as a youth in 1955 and has lived in Beit Shemesh ever since. The father of five children, he worked for 25 years at the furniture factory owned by Kibbutz Tzora. Recently, the kibbutz was forced to cut down and moved the plant back to the kibbutz.

Kadosh, a specialist in nickel-chrome plating, was given boosted severance pay; but he finds the money is disappearing fast, even though he is receiving unemployment pay. A certified foreman, he has been looking for work for the past two months - so far without success.

He worked a few days in a local plant making electrical fittings; but the conditions were bad, he says. There was no workers' committee and he does not want to work at a place without a committee.

During his last two years of work at the Tzora factory, he was given one day a week off to study for a B.A. in humanities at the Mach Yehuda college. He is continuing with his studies, which afford him enormous satisfaction; and he hopes his new employer, if and when he finds work, will allow him to go on with them. Thirty Beit Shemesh residents worked at the Tzora factory, including eight youths; but now they are being phased out.

WHILE I WAS talking to Kadosh, a truly man with a box of soft-drink bottles on his shoulder interrupted. Shalom Fahima told me that he had also lost his job two months ago, after 17 years working for building contractor David Stern. He, too, had not managed to find employment and was filling in time working for his brother, who ran a restaurant.

"Yes, I got severance pay and I don't recommend the idea to you at all: ISI 2 million, after 17 years of work. How long is that going to last?" Fahima has five children.

Dapper, neatly-dressed Yehuda Malka is in his fifties. He immigrated from Morocco in 1961 and by 1964 was representing Herut on the Beit Shemesh council. He has been head of the welfare bureau, head of the local hevra kadisha, chairman of the municipal technical department and head of the old people's association. But these posts were honorary. He supported himself "honourably" for 25 years as a private development contractor, building walls, making paths and gardens. He had not been able to find work for two years, and blames both the local (Likud) council for not employing local men and the Likud government for causing unemployment.

He has been looking for work consistently, prepared to become a wage-earner if necessary, but without success. He clearly feels the humiliation of unemployment after running a successful private business and being a public figure in the town. Malka told me that he was living



Kadosh (above), and Fahima - severance pay doesn't last. (Opposite) David Ammar of the Labour Council.



off his savings. His wife works at the Jerusalem Hilton but they still have to support seven of their 12 children.

Neither Malka nor Fahima is registered with the local labour exchange and both warned me to treat the official unemployment figures with reserve. David Ammar confirmed this view. The official figures of the Employment Service presented by Baruch Haklai, show 83 unemployed in Beit Shemesh for August. Ammar believes the real figure is about 400.

ISRAEL KATZ suggests that all figures be treated with caution, because it is a matter of definition. Who is an unemployed person is as complicated a problem in its way as who is a Jew.

Sitting in the well-appointed offices of the Centre for Social Policy Studies in Israel in Jerusalem's Rehov Haim Ya'acov, Katz notes that the centre has not yet carried out a study on unemployment. "It was not one of the problems in our society," he points out. But there is plenty of information available from other countries.

The first thing to note about unemployment, he explains, is that it can be avoided. It is a question of how much you are prepared to pay to prevent it. In Communist countries, everyone has the right to work; but this leads to horrendous inefficiency.

Israel, says Katz, is "somewhere in the middle." It will not tolerate a rate of employment like that of Britain, or even the U.S.; but it does not go as far in the other direction as Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

Israel does not have the long tradition of stability that Britain has, he points out, and Israelis are more volatile than Britons. As a country believing in immigration and trying to discourage emigration, Israel is particularly sensitive to unemployment, which discourages the former and fosters the latter.

Furthermore, it is difficult to tell people who put their lives on the line by serving in the army that there is no job for them. This applies equally to the youngster emerging from three years of compulsory national service and to the reservist returning

from the front line in Lebanon.

If there were large-scale unemployment in Israel, there would be a heavy price to pay, Katz believes, but he does not know where the "red line" is. It could be 8 per cent, or 10 per cent - there is no way of knowing.

In a way, mass unemployment is easier to tackle as a social phenomenon, he notes, because then everyone is in the same boat. Everyone is looking for work, everyone is hard up, there is a measure of equality. At the other extreme, when there is only very little unemployment, it is a personal problem for the unemployed person.

The situation of partial and regional unemployment, such as Israel is facing and will face increasingly, is in some respects the most problematic.

Partial unemployment leads to social unrest and political instability. Paradoxically, it leads to more employment for some: there is a need for more police and social workers. A deterioration in health, which is a well-known side effect of unemployment, leads to a need for increased medical services. Katz is worried about potential social unrest. He notes that the other day, when there was a proposal to cut the social welfare programme, a neighbourhood activist was quoted as saying: "Our only alternative is Kahane." Kahane is relatively insignificant, Katz thinks, but the threat is there. It is always the lower-paid workers who suffer first, and there are other political leaders who might be ready to take advantage of social ferment.

BARUCH HAKLAI notes that the Employment Service cannot create jobs. "We can only warn, encourage, act as a catalyst." The service, he says, is trying to direct people to retraining schemes.

He points out that some 80,000 Arabs from Judea and Samaria are currently working in Israel. There is no idea of firing these workers, who in any case do a lot of the unpopular work; but some 5 per cent leave every month to work nearer home, or for other reasons. Some of the jobs that become available can be filled by Israelis. As the job market becomes tighter, people also become less choosy about the work they will accept.

Haklai was not too concerned about the coming months. The government had already instituted a freeze on employment and new orders for equipment. The new steps about to be taken could not have a much more drastic effect. There were still plenty of jobs which were not filled. Every month there were some 6,000 jobs for which the service failed to supply workers. Half were usually filled by Judea and Samaria workers and the other half remained available.

Even without new factories being built, there was plenty of potential for existing machinery to be used on second and third shifts, he maintained. The problem was not so much unemployment as a lack of attractive employment - particularly in the development towns.

But according to Israel Katz, the key to a solution is the right sort of retraining programme. If the money is going to be spent, it should be spent on retraining for productive industry. There is no point in continuing to prop up a non-profitable plant just to maintain full employment. Retraining takes longer, he admits; but it is far surer. The government will need the cooperation of the Histadrut; but with the correct approach the problem can be solved. It is a sensitive time for Israeli society, he says, and a lot depends on the right leadership being given.

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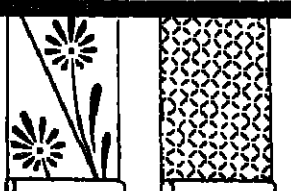
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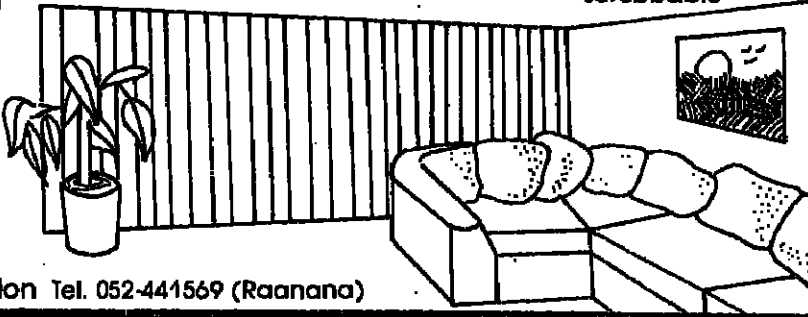
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UMM EL-FAHM, mother of charcoal in Arabic, is the largest Arab village in Israel.

The smoke drifting up from the hillside at the entrance to the village was not from the charcoal for which the forerunners of today's inhabitants were renowned over a century ago, but from a burning garbage dump. The smouldering hillside was an appropriate introduction to one of Israel's slummiest Arab villages which one reaches after a steep ascent from the Wadi Ara road, the ancient mountain pass which served the armies of Egypt and of Assyria when they warring against each other over 3,000 years ago.

Umm el-Fahm became a focus of media interest not because of its size, with a population of 23,000 nor because of its antiquity. Umm el-Fahm was chosen by racist MK Meir Kahane as the first Arab village in which he would try to make good his threat to carry his campaign for the expulsion of the Arabs of Israel into their very homes.

Two weeks ago Kahane, accompanied by a retinue of his yellow-shirted, skull-capped goons, tried to enter the village, claiming the rights of his parliamentary immunity. He was turned back forcibly by Border Police, many of whom were then subjected to rock-throwing by village youths who had been preparing to set upon the Kahane forces if the police failed to prevent their entry.

I visited Umm el-Fahm last weekend, when thousands of Jewish opponents of Kahane had been invited to come to the village and partake of the hospitality of its families on the day that marked the end of Id el-Adha, the Muslim Feast of the Sacrifice.

"What sacrifice did the festival commemorate?" I asked on a previous visit to Arab friends on Id el-Adha.

"You certainly must know," the aged head of the family replied. "For doesn't your own Torah tell the same story of how the angel of Allah stayed the hand of our father Ibrahim when he was about to sacrifice his beloved son Ismail?"

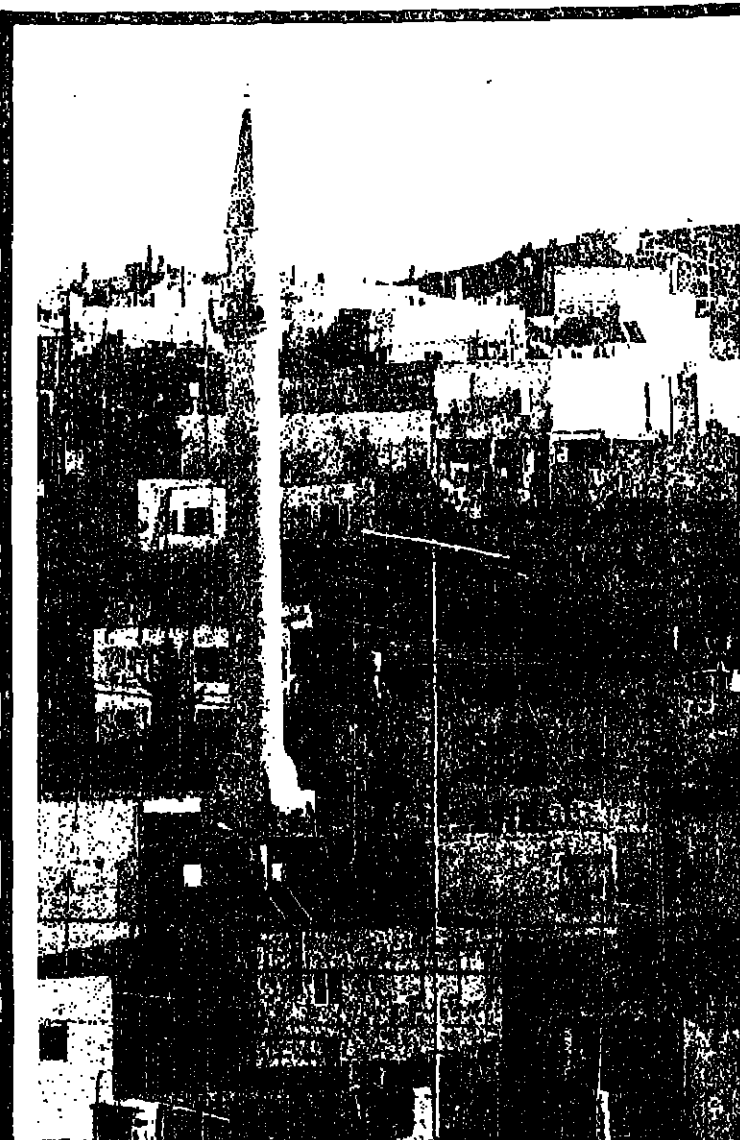
THOUSANDS did come to demonstrate their solidarity with Kahane's intended victims. Villagers I spoke to were bubbling with pride at the show of Jewish support and at the collective hospitality with which the villagers responded.

Nearly everyone I spoke to was at pains to insist that the ones who had thrown stones at the police "were only kids. And after all, who can control unruly children?"

A young history teacher at the comprehensive high school (which is located opposite the smouldering garbage dump), who requested anonymity, insisted that the stone-throwing incident "shouldn't be blown up out of all proportion. When you lock people up under pressure, it's unreasonable to expect them not to break windows. We in Umm el-Fahm are subject to terrible overcrowding and to the frictions that go along with such conditions."

"We're not like the resident of Kafr Yasif [a village of highly-educated Christian and Moslem Arabs in West Galilee]. We're poorer and more hot-headed here. We have almost no land. Nearly all of our people have been turned from farmers into hired workers. And many of the young fellows who work for Jewish bosses in Tel Aviv and even further away know more about discrimination than the Arabs who work in their own surroundings."

The teacher, in his impassioned argument, touched on several explanations for Kahane's choice of his village rather than the Kafr Yasif to try to make his anti-Arab point.



Overcrowding is a big problem in Israel's largest Arab village. (Below) Council Chairman Hashem Mahamid.

SMOULDERING SYMBOL

Umm el-Fahm is a centre of Israeli Arab radicalism. Yosef Goell visits the village and finds a breeding-ground of resentment.

Umm el-Fahm is the largest of Israel's Arab villages, and thus fittingly symbolic of them all. It is also considered to be one of the most radical, in the sense of opposition to the Zionist government establishment that rules Israel, and Israel's Arabs. The vote for the Communist Rakah and for the new Progressive List was especially high here. The young chairman of the local council, Hashem Mahamid, was elected on the Communist list, with a clear majority, last year.

It is regarded as the home base of the most radical local Arab movements like the Ibra el-Balad the "Sons of the Land," associated not only with the PLO but with its most extreme elements.

According to many Arab and Jewish witnesses, Mahamid was out in front of the massed Arab youths on Kahane Day, urging them by bull-horn not to run wild and throw stones but to rely on the police to turn Kahane back. Television clips however, attest to the fact that the stone-throwers were not merely children, but grown teenagers and men in their twenties.

My teacher informant deserts

his "they were only kids" theme, explained that the rock-throwing began in response to a rumour that Kahane had foiled the police and got into Umm el-Fahm the back way, by the road alongside which the Jewish settlement of Meit-Ami looms over the village.

"But I am sure it was our Jewish friends and supporters who stopped him. But for their presence, including several MKs, I'm sure the police would have used firearms and not just tear gas against the stone-throwers."

THIS VERSION may not hold much water; but two things are clear. Kahane constituted an extreme provocation to the villagers, a provocation that was aggravated by Minister of Interior Yosef Burg's persistent determination not to take any steps to stop Kahane's entering the village. The final police action that did stop him was taken by the order of Inspector-General Itzhan.

Secondly, it is quite obvious that many village firebrands took advantage of the general atmosphere of mayhem that developed around Kahane to wreak revenge against the hated Border Police. The police, in

their turn, have used TV clips to identify the rock-throwers and to round them up for detention, pending trial.

Umm el-Fahm can justly be perceived as a symbol of Israeli Arab radicalism. But a visit to the village undoubtedly confirms some of the reasons for the atmosphere that makes it different in degree, if not in kind, from many other Arab villages.

It is more overcrowded than most. The secretary of the local council, Jamal Abdul Hadi, told me that the present population of 23,000, or about 3,700 families, grew from an original population of 3,200 in 1948.

He, and all the other villagers I spoke to quoted 140,000 dunams as the amount of land owned by the village in 1948. It stretched from the Haifa Bay area to the vicinity of Megiddo, at the entrance of Wadi Ara to the Jezreel Valley. Today, it has dwindled to 20,000 dunams, "due to large-scale confiscation of lands for the establishment of many kibbutzim and moshavim in the 1950s."

One of the main problems confronting rural Arabs in Israel for the past decade and more has been obtaining land on which to build homes for themselves and the families of their children who are growing up, marrying and starting their own families. In Umm el-Fahm, the problem seems to be worse than in most other villages I visited, and the overcrowding is thus more marked.

Most Arab villages in the Israel of the 1980s are a contrasting combination of a large number of big, even ornate, private homes and very neglected, even slummy streets and by-ways, with almost no public spaces. In Umm el-Fahm the proportion of large homes seems to be much smaller, most of the building being in apartment - like multi-storeyed dwellings for extended families.

People like Council Chairman Hashem Mahamid, who can afford it, have built their "villas" on the hillside surrounding the core of the village.

THE LACK of arable land and the phenomenal population growth has turned Umm el-Fahm from a village of farmers into a town. (It is only the policy of the minister of interior that denies a community of 23,000 the status of town, with its greater administrative autonomy and tax-collecting powers, that would have been granted to a Jewish community of even less than that size.)

Mahamid says that some five to six thousand villagers work as far away as Haifa, Tel Aviv and even further, many returning home only for the weekend.

One has to see this exodus early in the morning to understand the rigours of daily life in such a village and to develop a feeling for the resentments they breed.

Bus service to Umm el-Fahm is minimal. Most workers are driven to their work by local subcontractors and outside contractors who ferry them on their own tenders. Others use the fleet of 30 private taxis that leave the muddy central street of the village to take them down to the Wadi Ara road, where they can catch the much more frequent buses plying the Jezreel Valley-Hadera or Tel Aviv routes. The taxis also serve to take villagers to Kupat Holim clinics and government institutions in Hadera or Afula.

Most workers have to get up at five in the morning, and only come back after six in the evening, local council employee Saleh Akbariya told me.

He himself was born in Umm el-Fahm but spent most of his adult life in Jaffa, where he met and mar-

ried his wife. He returned to Umm el-Fahm only a few years ago when his father parcelled out his land to his sons, so that they could build houses in the village.

"Things were better and more interesting in Jaffa," Saleh admits. "I worked there as a fisherman and could enjoy all the advantages that a big city has to offer. But when you come down to it there's no place like home, and I'm glad I could come back to raise my children where I myself grew up."

"Only it would be so much better if there wasn't sewage water running in the streets and if there were some public parks where parents and children and oldsters could sit to get a whiff of the marvellous air. But Umm el-Fahm is a long way from that."

Council secretary Abdul Hadi told me that there are now about 226 young people from the village studying at universities, half of them abroad. Nearly all the latter are in Communist countries, maintained partly on Communist Party scholarships.

Those studying medicine and similar professions find good positions when they return. But others, like one who chose to study nuclear physics in Moscow, have much dimmer futures in store in Israel.

THE PHENOMENAL population growth in 36 years is itself the best evidence that by dint of hard work and an adaptability that Israeli Jews would be well advised to copy, the villagers of Umm el-Fahm have come a long way from the days of rather primitive low-income subsistence farming of the pre-state days.

The problems - overcrowded housing, shortage of electricity, an unfinished Kupat Holim clinic and lying-in hospital (due to Kupat Holim-Ministry of Health wrangling), lack of playgrounds and many more - are largely a factor of the Israeli Arabs' lack of political clout.

Israeli Arabs have always had the vote and have always used it. But they have been effectively frozen out of the interest-group politics by which all the goodies in a rapidly developing country are distributed to competing segments of the population.

Most of this freezing out can be traced to short-sighted policies of the Jewish parties, and especially of the Labour Party, which should have known better. Part, more recently, is a factor of the growth of anti-Arab sentiments in Jewish Israel, again partly in response to the perceptions of increasing Arab radicalism and identification with the cause of Palestinian nationalism and with the PLO.

Nothing could have been expected from a Likud government in the way of breaking these patterns. Is it reasonable to expect a Labour-Likud government to change the approach?

Possibly, although in truth only faintly so. Shimon Peres has never taken an interest in the Israeli Arabs, except through the prism of the Security Services. Possibly the naming of Ezer Weizman to be in charge of domestic Arab affairs in the Prime Minister's Office could spell a major breakthrough.

If Weizman is indeed charged with this responsibility, it would be the first time that an Israeli political leader of such prestige would be taking a daily interest in the fate of one sixth of the Israeli population.

It would certainly be helpful if the Labour Alignment could see its way to return to the stage it reached in the late 1960s, when it had an Arab deputy minister with real power. Perhaps the time has come to begin again from that point?

IN THEIR negotiations over the formation of a national government, the near-deadlock between Labour and the Likud over the subject of Jewish settlements in the territories that Israel has administered since 1967, reflects their lack of agreement on the basic issue - territorial compromise with Jordan, as advocated by Labour, or retention of the "Greater Land of Israel," as desired by the Likud. This disagreement, in turn, reflects an absence of realistic and imaginative thinking that has paralysed both parties' positions on the subject for too long.

On the face of it the two positions seem irreconcilable. On closer examination, however, one finds that territorial compromise and the "Greater Land of Israel" can both be realized; and that Israel's security can be almost totally guaranteed in the process.

The first reality to be confronted is that the settlement activity of past Labour and Likud governments has all but precluded the possibility of territorial compromise as proposed by Labour, along the lines of the Allon peace plan devised by the late Yigal Allon in 1968. The plan called for Israel's retention of the Jordan Valley, the western edge of the Dead Sea, the Etzion bloc of settlements south of Bethlehem, and a few, small patches of territory adjacent to Israel's pre-1967 border. Jordan, from whom the "West Bank" was won in 1967, would accordingly retrieve the densely Arab-inhabited bulk of the area, as one large bloc.

However, as of 1984, that bloc contains over 70 Jewish settlements, inhabited by almost 20,000 people. Politically, the dismantling of these settlements, or the transfer of their inhabitants to Jordanian sovereignty, would be perilous steps for any Israeli political party to take. Given the size and fervour of pro-settlement support in Israel, such measures could precipitate unprecedented instability; some say civil war.

As a result, it is difficult to find territory on which to compromise, even for Labour. Indeed, only pockets of contiguous Arab habitation would be available - and that, only with the dismantling of some 20 Jewish settlements, all, however, being small, in temporary housing, or military Nahal posts.

In Judea and Samaria, six potential pockets of Arab habitation exist. The northernmost and largest pocket would comprise Nablus, Jenin, Tulkarm, and Tubas. To the south, the next pocket would be entirely rural, centred around the village of Salfit. Ramallah would be the main city of the next pocket, and Bethlehem, the pocket just south of Jerusalem. The southernmost would centre on Hebron, and the smallest pocket would be around Jericho.

THESE POCKETS, which total almost half the area of the former West Bank, are separated from each other by strips of Jewish settlement, from the East Bank by the Jordan Valley and its settlements. Each pocket could therefore be an enclave surrounded by Israeli territory.

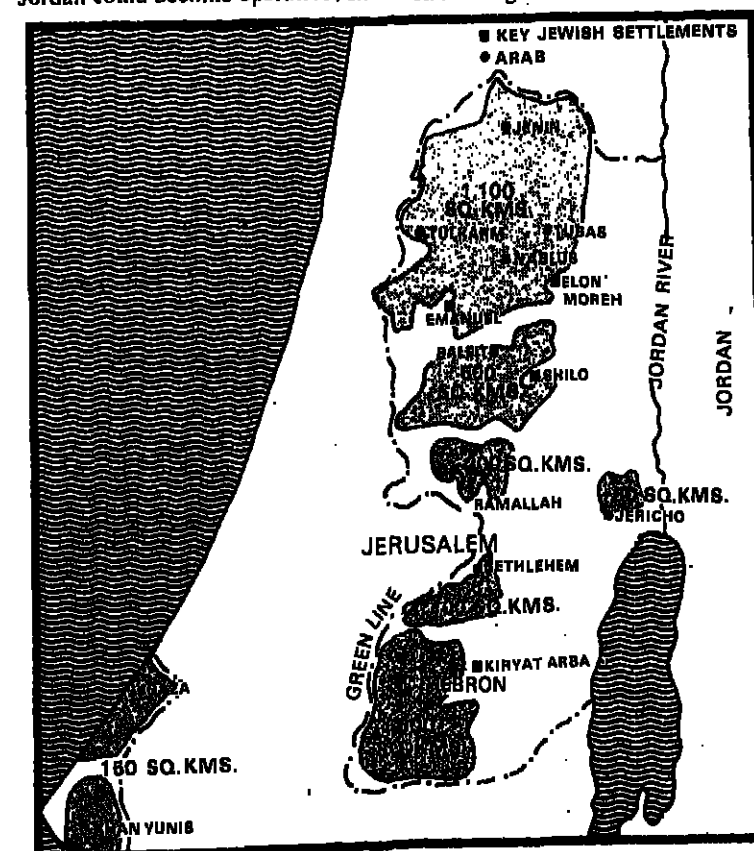
The only feasible territorial compromise that could be made with Jordan would have to be with that country ruling these six enclaves from a distance, in much the same way that the German Federal Republic rules West Berlin.

In keeping with the Camp David accords, the enclaves would enjoy extensive autonomy, and Jordan would be responsible for security, but with forces and material limited by agreement with Israel. The enclaves would be out of bounds to Israeli authority, military presence,

BREAKING THE WEST BANK DEADLOCK

Clinton Bailey proposes the creation of Jordanian enclaves in the territories - a new plan which he believes would be acceptable to Labour, the Likud and the Arabs directly concerned.

and land acquisition. Before such an arrangement with Jordan could become operative, experts would have to address problems such as customs and commercial arrangements between the en-



claves and Israel; exit, entry and transit regulations; rights accruing to Arab villages falling under Israeli jurisdiction; and international supervision. Moreover, new roads may have to be built in order to skirt the enclaves and ensure that access to outlying settlements - such as Elon Moreh, Shilo, and Kiryat Arba - are via Israeli territory.

A major question is whether the Arabs would ever accept the enclave idea, in that it falls far short of their maximum aspirations - an independent Palestinian state, or, for Jordan, retrieving the entire former West Bank. But the idea addresses the maximum fears of the two Arab parties directly concerned - Jordan and the Arab inhabitants of the territories - and therein lies its chance of success.

The Palestinians living in these territories fear that if Israel's occupation continues, they will gradually lose their lands to Jewish settlement, and face the ultimate choice of living under Israeli rule, which they do not like, or of emigrating, with all the attendant insecurity. Logically, therefore, they should welcome the idea of Arab enclaves, where they will be governed by Arabs, and where Jewish settlement will not be allowed.

One encouraging development is

that over the past few years, many, if not most, West Bankers, have increasingly held the PLO responsible for their misfortunes because of its refusal to negotiate, or to allow King Hussein to negotiate with Israel on a practical basis. Such feelings are manifest on the pages of the leading East Jerusalem daily, *Al-Quds*.

Jordan's King Hussein fears that if he assumes authority for the West Bank (and Gaza Strip, as proposed in President Ronald Reagan's 1982 peace plan), radical Arab states and the PLO, which oppose Jordanian sovereignty for the territories, will stir unrest among his Palestinian subjects. And even if he were to establish his authority there with the blessing of the Arabs, there is the possibility that the Palestinians themselves, then constituting 75 per cent of his population, would be impelled to try to replace his regime with one of their own.

The enclave idea, however, should obviate these dangers and allay Hussein's fears. As the survival and well-being of the enclaves will largely depend on good relations between the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and Israel, few radical Arabs, Palestinian or other, should prove eager to challenge Jordan's regime, and thereby jeopardize the enclaves. Indeed, for that very reason, Jordan's "enclave connection" may prove the best guarantee for the survival and well-being of the Hashemite regime itself.

PERHAPS THE main question is whether Israelis who support the "Greater Land of Israel" concept can be persuaded to accept the enclave idea. Those who support the concept for security reasons should be easier to persuade. Such Israelis fear that if they relinquish control of the administered territories, these will eventually become bases for terrorist attacks, corridors for invading armies, or a breeding ground for irredentist Palestinian nationalism.

According to the enclave idea, however, continued Israeli control of the Jordan Valley and the area surrounding each enclave would make the danger of attack against Israel minimal - and irredentist nationalism will hardly flourish in separated enclaves, each mainly oriented toward Jordan.

To the doctrinal advocates of the "Greater Land of Israel," who fear that Israel will miss an historic opportunity to establish its sovereignty over every inch of its ancient homeland if it concedes any territory to Jordan, it must be stressed that there are other historic opportunities, vital to Israel's security and survival, that must not be lost by pursuing nationalist vanities.

One is the furtherance of the peace process which will redirect the Arabs' attention and energies into more positive and productive channels, thus facilitating their ability to live in peace with Israel. By contrast, if the Arab-Israel conflict continues unresolved, the Arabs will continue to develop the desire and capacity to go to war with Israel.

Another opportunity not to be missed is to strengthen Israel's international position by sponsoring an initiative that will demonstrate its willingness to compromise, and which is commensurate with the Reagan Plan and the Camp David accords. Certainly, if two rivals like Labour and the Likud feel impelled to form a national unity government because of the gravity of Israel's problems, they could not be oblivious to the importance of Israel's international standing in solving these problems.

Dr. Bailey teaches Palestinian nationalism at Tel Aviv University.

AT NIGHT, when the darkness thickened, he would emerge from his hiding place among the rocks and the *susuki* bushes in order to find *gohan* (cooked rice) and *misoshiru* (ground peanut soup) in one of the villages at the foot of Mount Asso, the great volcano.

The Japanese fugitive sometimes compared the turbulent activity in the volcano with the blood boiling in his veins as he escaped from the American military police.

True, as the young son of the Teshima family, he was a descendant of a famous and brave clan which derives its honour from the Samurais, for whom fear is an alien concept. Nevertheless, he was well aware of the fact that the hunting dogs of the American army were on his tracks.

Those arrogant Yankees, the victorious troops of Japan's conqueror, General Douglas MacArthur, knew that Ikuru Teshima was a trouble maker. A former supply officer in the Imperial Japanese army, he had fought on the Manchurian front; soon after the colossal defeat of his country, he decided to use his talents to organize a resistance movement against the American military governor who, for some reason, wanted to close the school in Komamoto, his home town.

His zealous struggle for educational freedom did not surprise the people who knew Ikuru Teshima. He was a multi-faceted man, a successful industrialist and the owner of a fishing fleet, who combined idealistic fervour with a sober, pragmatic, business-like approach.

WHILE hiding in the volcanic area, he was shocked late one afternoon when he suddenly heard an apparently disembodied voice addressing him against the background of a glorious Japanese sunset. "And though the Lord gives you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction," said the mysterious voice to the petrified young Ikuru, "and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying: This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

Scared and surprised, the pale fugitive did not see anyone anywhere near the *susuki* bushes. There was nobody there except himself; he made sure of this during a thorough search of the area. Who had spoken those strange words? Who could have said those bombastic, yet overwhelming, words in that dark and desolate mountainous area?

Mysterious voices either do not reveal themselves to human beings at all, or, as happened with Ikuru, they do not allow one to catch one's breath. "If you are willing to give up your wealth for a purely spiritual and moral cause," continued the voice, "I will save you from the American military governor's verdict, which you know very well means exile to the Island of Okinawa, prison and hard labour."

"How can I trust you?" asked Ikuru, with a trembling voice.

"I will give you an omen," replied the voice. "Go back to your town, go into your home and you will be surprised to find that no harm will befall you."

The man who came down Mount Asso that evening did not at all resemble the one who ascended it two weeks earlier. If he was in need of a second miracle, in addition to that of the strange voice, he got it. And it came in two parts. When he got home, he learned from his delighted wife that the American military verdict which stated that he would be exiled to the Island of Okinawa as a hard-labour prisoner had been totally annulled; and the



The last of the Samurais

How a mystical experience led to the establishment of the Japanese Zionist movement, Makuya, is described by Yossi Gamzu.

American military governor of his home town had been ousted from his position just a few hours previously by special order from General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo.

In the days that followed the fugitive learned from several reliable sources in Komamoto that during the past fortnight the American governor had sent numerous patrols to search the Mount Asso area thoroughly and bring back Ikuru Teshima, dead or alive.

THE CHAINS of the law had failed against him, but much stronger chains gripped him from that time on. They were the chains of curiosity, of a burning desire to know whose voice had spoken to him on the mountain, and why he had been saved. Remembering the words of the message, he searched the Scriptures just as his hunters had searched for him. Being a Christian

Japanese, he started with the New Testament, but failed to find the exact words there. Then he plunged into the Old Testament, and one night, to his great surprise, he found in the Book of Isaiah (30:20) the following words: "And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction." He read on with great excitement. Was it possible that the Jewish God, after revealing Himself to Moses on Mount Sinai, had chosen to repeat this miracle with a boy on Mount Asso? Ikuru Teshima then learned to his amazement that an amazing coincidence had occurred: a Jewish state had been re-established in the Holy Land in May 1948, which was when he first heard the voice.

Hearing about the monstrous destruction of the Jewish people in Europe by the German Third Reich, of which Japan was an ally, the



Japanese ex-officer was filled with a terrible sense of guilt. The Holy Land of the six million Jews wasn't common knowledge among his colleagues in the Imperial Army, especially not on the Manchurian front.

Teshima became totally consumed by a desire to know more about the Jews, the Bible, the Holocaust and the State of Israel. Without renouncing his Christian faith he changed his first name from Ikuru to Abraham. Sticking to his decision on Mount Asso to totally change his life-style, he started preaching as a modern apostle, identifying with the Jewish presence in the Middle East. And he invested a lot of money in establishing a new, thought-provoking religious movement called Makuya (Japanese for the Tabernacle which was carried by the Children of Israel in Sinai).

THE SUSPECTED lunatic became Professor Abraham Teshima; he built up his little Japanese Zionist group, which now includes more than 70,000 devoted "hassidim" in Japan, Brazil, Greece and elsewhere, including, of course, Israel. Without converting to the Jewish faith, and while maintaining their deep Christian convictions, the Makuya people wholeheartedly believe in their moral duty - as both Japanese and Christians - to do everything possible to help the State of Israel in its struggle for independence and security.

Publishing newspapers and books (many of which were written, translated and compiled by Professor Teshima himself), producing cassettes of Israeli songs performed by their own choir, distributing films produced by their own film-makers, and sending to Israel every year many youngsters to learn Hebrew and find out about Israel's current problems and challenges - all these things comprise only a part of their dynamic activities.

The fact that many of them have adopted a Hebrew first name and have given up very promising careers in order to pursue on a full-time basis their ideological and educational work speaks for itself. In Tokyo they have two Makuya centres, with residential facilities, offices, editorial departments, printing-presses, lecture halls, etc.; the same sort of thing, albeit on a smaller scale, is to be found in many other Japanese cities.

What motivates these distant brothers of ours in that "Land of the Rising Sun"? What is the comprehensible reason for this incomprehensible driving force in a world where practically every political segment competes with the other to be the most anti-Israeli (if not anti-Semitic), "progressive," fashionable force?

"First of all, the Bible," the late Professor Teshima's disciples told me when I was their guest at Horaisano, their main Makuya centre in Tokyo, which is run by his charming widow, Mrs. Teshima. "A nation which gave the whole world a contribution such as the Old Testament is obviously a special nation."

Many Israelis, 1984 models, may react with a cynical smile to such "naive" Zionist enthusiasm. However, those amiable, warm and most intelligent Japanese people take it very seriously and sincerely, with what may be described as "hasidic zeal." The comparison between the original sources of hasidism and the Makuya approach is strengthened by their frequent references to the Ba'al Shem Tov's philosophy. "We do not have any synagogue or church," they say. "We believe, as your great Rabbi Israel Ba'al Shem Tov believed, that it is not necessary

to worship God in any conventional house of worship. You can worship outdoors, in the forest, on the banks of a river, and most of all, in the smallest but holiest synagogue: the human heart."

The friendship that existed between their late "Rabbi Teshima" and notable Israeli personalities, such as the third president of Israel, Zalman Shazar, and the great philosophers Martin Buber and Samuel Hugo Bergman, gave birth to a kind of historical assumption, which even if it does not scientifically convince the mind, certainly grips the emotions. In old Japanese history there is a reference to a special tribe called Hada which populated the south of Japan and arrived there via the well known Silk Way before the 1st century CE.

According to the late Professor Teshima, the Hada were Jews from the Holy Land. President Shazar suggested that the Hada were descendants of the Essenes of Qumran. However, do such semi-historical theories really matter when we are confronted by an amazing Japanese-Zionist volcano?

IN DECEMBER 1973, when the government of Japan yielded to Arab blackmail during the so-called energy crisis, Professor Teshima knew exactly whose side to take. Concisely disobeying his doctor's warning not to leave his sickbed, he led thousands of his Makuya enthusiasts in a mammoth pro-Israel rally, walking kilometres in icy December weather through the streets of Tokyo.

Commemorating the death of Ben-Gurion and protesting loudly against the government's pro-Arab policy, the Makuya were the only people in the Far East who urged that priority be given to morality instead of surrendering to Arab petro-dollars. With a large loudspeaker in his frozen hand, Professor Teshima called on the Japanese people to remember the historical debt to the six million Jews killed by Japan's allies in World War II, and to support Israel whatever the economic price.

This great Japanese paid with his life for that huge rally. A short time after the unusual parade in the winter streets of Tokyo, and, 25 years after his miraculous encounter on Mount Asso, Abraham (Ikuru) Teshima passed away.

I SIT with the physicist and mathematician Dr. Akira Jindo, and with Dr. Kazumitsu Kuwai, the so-called "foreign minister and husband director" of the Makuya movement; I speak to Yoshio Ito, the cinematographer who is responsible for many of their documentary films (including one which can be found in the Zionist Federation film library in Johannesburg); I meet Yisrael Ueno, a young dynamic linguist who is now compiling the first Hebrew-Japanese, Japanese-Hebrew dictionary, and with Nathaniel Yagi, the administrator of the Makuya centre in Tokyo.

I hear their stories, learn about their surprisingly varied activities, but most of all witness the spark in their eyes when they speak about the Jews, Zionism and Israel. Their late spiritual father, Professor Teshima, knew the wisdom of the *Kabbala*; and he certainly knew all about "sparks" (*nitzotzot*). If there is somewhere a place called heaven, there is no doubt that Prof. Teshima has a place there among the righteous gentiles, (*hasidim umot ha-olam*). He could even be looking down to see the kabbalistic sparks in his disciples' eyes.

The last of the Samurais has become the first of the righteous. □

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

Jerusalem
LIFE AMONG FORMS - New Israeli theatre in Movement (Pargol, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI or THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND - Beit Leislin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Beit Leislin, Wednesday and Thursday at 9.00 p.m.)

CHEFRI KA-CHERLI - Musical by Dan Horowitz, about a Sabra's search for identity. With simultaneous English narration (Zou House, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

CLOSED CIRCLE - by Y. Mundi (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

EDMOND KEAN - With Yossi Bnai portraying the character of the 19th century British actor (Beit Leislin, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE FALL - by Albert Camus (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at 11.00 p.m.)

GHETTO - A Halfa Theatre production (Habimah, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOING HOME - A Cameri production (Cameri, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.00 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Sartre. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Mimi Musical, Hasimtah production (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at midnight, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

ISLAND - A Halfa Theatre production in

Arabic (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE KREUTZER SONATA - By Tolstoy. Beit Leislin production. A study of sex and jealousy (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow and Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

LIEN - A Cameri production (Cameri, tomorrow at 8.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL CABARET - By Yaron Gal (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

NOT NOW MY DARLING - comedy (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10.00 p.m., tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

PASODOBLE - (Tzavia, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and 11.15 p.m.; Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

SHEM - The passions and struggles of 3 smithy workers (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE STORM - A Cameri production (Cameri, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY - Fight of a Jewish-American homosexual to live his own life in his own way (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Sunday and Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

WOMEN AT THE TOP - (Tzavia, tomorrow and Sunday at 8.30 p.m., Monday at 4.30 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa
ALL MY SONS - Halfa Theatre production (Whadi Salib, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others
GHETTO - (Halfa Theatre production (Afufa, Heichal Hatarbut, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem
BELLY AND LILLIBIT - Entertainment from the TV series (Gerard and Centre, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

LEGENDS - SHADOW THEATRE - The Train Theatre (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 5.00 p.m.)

SCENT OF COOKING - The Train Theatre puppets. Ages 3 over (Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 5.00 p.m.)

THE SMURFS - (Israel Museum, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 3.30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv Area

MR & MRS. CLOWN - by Rachel Dana (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 12.30 a.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
STYAMTA SERIES - Kol Hamusika open studio concert with David Dolan piano, Ra'anan Ellen flute - 6 Bach sonatas for flute and piano (Y.M.C.A. Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL - Nina Flyer, cello; Allan Sternfeld, piano. Works by Prokofiev and Beethoven (Redemer Church, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area
CONCERT - Robert Nakoneczny, contra-

SASSY, YONAH AND CHOMPI - (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

SHALOM ALEICHEM FOR THE ISRAELI CHILD - from works of the author (Beit Ovdi Ha'ya, Monday at 5.00 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE - Puppet Show (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11.00 a.m.)

Others

BELLY AND LILLIBIT - Entertainment from the TV series (Cameri, Heichal Hatarbut, today at 3.00 p.m.; Akko, Auditorium, Monday at 4.30 p.m.; Afufa, Heichal Hatarbut, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

SASSY, YONAH AND CHOMPI - Entertainment from TV series. 3, 4, 5A (Rishon, Beit Hatarbut, tomorrow at 5.00 p.m.; Lod, Orly Sunday at 4.30 p.m.; Nazareth, Mercat Laterbut, Monday at 5.00 p.m.; Beersheba, Cilat, Tuesday at 4.00 p.m.; Ramla, Heichal Hatarbut, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

Jerusalem
KARMON ENSEMBLE - New dances based on Mevlana, Offenbach and others (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
CONCERT - Robert Nakoneczny, contra-

tenor, Barbara Strzlecka, harpichord. Works by Byrd, Faraby, Purcell, Dowland, Caccini, Handel, Gluck, and Bach (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

DANCE

Jerusalem
KARMON ENSEMBLE - New dances based on Mevlana, Offenbach and others (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)



The harmony group 'Hakol Over Habibi' will appear in a new programme touring the country.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargol, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

ANIMALS IN MUSIC - for music and animal lovers - all the family (Tzavia, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ATA HUALPA YUPANQUI WITH THE ZUPAY QUARTET - Premier performance of the S. American poet with S. American folk-music (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ WITH "FROM THE OTHER SIDE" - (Pargol, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - Hasidic rock with Selah (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

WORLD HASIDIC FESTIVAL - Competition of 12 hasidic songs with the participation of chazanim and hasidic groups from Israel and abroad (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
DANCING - to the music of Arnie Schwartz and the Situation Group (Hertzliya, Dan Acadia, today 9.30 a.m.-1.30 p.m.)

FOLK DANCING - for English speakers with cooperation with the AACI (ZOA House, Tuesday at 8.45 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Piamonta, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pilz, 84 Harkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Eli Disraeli, Zipora Bat-Yehuda (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MUSICAL MEETING - (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tonight at midnight, and Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

SHLOMO ARTZI - With his new programme "Dance" (Tzavia, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

SHLOMO HANOCH - (Tzavia, Thursday at 9.00 p.m.)

SONGS OF ERETZ ISRAEL - with Nahum Heiman and guests (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 10.00 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leislin, Sunday at 10.00 p.m.)

WORLD HASIDIC FESTIVAL - (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

Haifa

BEHIND THE SOUNDS - Matti Caspi and Shlomo Gronich (Beit Abba Khushi, tomorrow at 9.15 p.m.)

HAKOL OVER HABIBI - With their new programme (Shavit, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

WORLD HASIDIC FESTIVAL - (Auditorium, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

BEHIND THE SOUNDS - (Ein Hod, tonight at 10.30 p.m.)

GUITAR HAPPENING - with Baldu Oller (Afula, Mafet tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

HAKOL OVER HABIBI - (Kiryat Gat, Heichal Hatarbut, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

WALKING TOURS

(In English)
Jerusalem
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m., Thursday at 2 p.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter; Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3 1/2 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours
Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m., Friday at 9 a.m. - Jewish Quarter archeological and historical tour.

Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 a.m. Temple Mount Seminar. From First Temple period to the present.

Sunday through Thursday at 12 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount

Sunday through Thursday at 2 p.m. - City of David, First Temple period.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

Society for the Protection of Nature
Tours
Sunday at 7 p.m. - Walk on Old City ramparts. Meet Jaffa Gate.

Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. - Excavations of Western Wall. Meet Dung Gate.

Friday at 10 a.m. - City of David and Hezekiah's Tunnel. Meet Dung gate. Bring flashlight.

Registration at the offices of the SPNI, 13 Helene Hamulin Street, Tel. 222357, 244605.

Other towns

Haifa

"Sabbath Morning Walk" - Tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. till 1.00 p.m. from Panorama R.D. Organized by the Haifa Tourism Development Ass., includes museums, Baha'i Shrine and gardens and others.

Safed

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safed, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri. Sept. 14
Double feature! Ticket
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE 1.30
FOUL PLAY 4.30
Sat. Sept. 15
ZELIG 7.30
THE GODFATHER I 9
Sun. Sept. 16
Double feature! Ticket
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE 1.30
FOUL PLAY 4.30
THE SOUND OF MUSIC 6.30, 9.30
Mon. Sept. 17, Tues. Sept. 18,
Wed. Sept. 19
THE SOUND OF MUSIC 3.30
Triple feature
PRIVATE LESSONS 4.30
A WARRIOR NAMED THUNDER 8
ANGELIQUE THE REVENGER 9.30
Thurs. Sept. 20
THE SOUND OF MUSIC 4
VERTIGO 7, 9.15

EDEN

6th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

6th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA

ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

THE SMURFS
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 3.30
ZELIG
Tues. 6, 8.30

KFIR

CANDID CAMERA
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

J'AI EPOUSE UN HOMME
(I married a Shadow)
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

ORGL

STRING SYMPHONY
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION

2nd week
THE NATURAL
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.40, 9

ORNA

2nd week
LE BATTANT
(What a Man)
* ALAIN DELON
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
Sunday 15.50

SEMADAR

2nd week
LA TRAVIATA
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9

RON

RUNNERS
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BINYENI HA'UMA

2nd week

THE AMBASSADOR
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

6th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Friday 10
Saturday 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA

3rd week
STREETS OF FIRE
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH

TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY
JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
Tues. 8
THE HEIRESS
(French; Heb. subtitles)

CHEN 1

13th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Tonight 10, 12.15;
Sat. 7.25, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.25, 9.40

CHEN 2

2nd week
CHAMPIONS
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 3

19th week
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Fri. 9.45, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.35
MARY POPPINS
Sat. 4.45

CHEN 4

8th week
THE BIG CHILL
* CLIFF ROBERTSON
Friday 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.25, 9.40
Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 5

19th week
CROSS CREEK
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.35
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 7.15, 9.35

CINEMA ONE

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Friday 10
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

CLASS

86 Allenby Rd.
2nd week
ESCAPE FROM THE CAGE
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL

4th week
THE NATURAL
* ROBERT REDFORD
Sat., weekdays 7.10, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Fri. 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Tonight 12.15; Sat. 12 midnight
Sex Film

ESTHER

6th week
LES MORFALOUS
(Legion of the Brave)
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

GAT

8th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

GORDON

87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
2nd week
THE HERD
(English subtitles)
"Best film of the year."
* Karl Laro
A new film by the director of Vol
Sat. 7.10, 9.30
Weekdays 4.40, 7.10, 9.30
NARAYANA
Fri. 2.30

HOD

2nd week
THE AMBASSADOR
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEVI

13th week
LA TRAVIATA
* TERESA STRATAS
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
* CORNELIUS MACNEIL
Tonight 9.30, 11.35; Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

CHINATOWN
Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR

BREATHLESS
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.:
YELLOW BEARD

MAXIM

DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAIDS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI

14th week
Sat. 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
AGAINST ALL ODDS
* JEFF BRIDGES
* RACHEL WARD
* JAMES WOODS

ORLY

ISRAEL PREMIERE

FUNNY PEOPLE II

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

BULL SHOT
Sat. 11.30, 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 7.30, 9.30

PEER

4th week
CADDIE
* HELEN MORSE
* JACK THOMPSON
"A marvellous picture; one you should travel for to see" London Evening Standard
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF

12th week
BLAME IT ON RIO
A Stanley Donen film
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JOSEPH BLOOMBERG
* MICHELLE JOHNSON
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO

5th week
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TCHETET

6th week
HORSE FEATHERS
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

26th week
French film
SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

TAMUZ

Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
25th week
ZIGZAG STORY
Friday night 10, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.40

TEL AVIV

JAWS 3-D
Today 2.30, 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON

3rd week
GARÇON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

LES MORFALOUS
(Legion of the Brave)
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ARMON

3rd week

THE NATURAL

* ROBERT REDFORD
* ROBERT DUVAL
* BARBARA HERSHY
No complimentary tickets
Saturday 4.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15

ATZMON

LE BATTANT
(What a Man)
Sat. 4, 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

14th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MORIAH

Sat. and weekdays 7
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Sat. and weekdays 9
A STRANGER IN TOWN
Thurs. midnight showing
A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

ORAH

6th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ORLY

3rd week
THE BIG CHILL
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 6.45, 9

PEER

2nd week
CHAMPIONS
A true story
* JOHN HART
* JEAN FRANCIS
* EDWARD WOODWARD
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON

D.C. CABS
* KIRK DOUGLAS
* JOAN SCHNEIDER
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT

5th week
Sat. 6.30, 9; weekdays 7, 9.15
ZIGZAG STORY
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

CHAMPIONS
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15

ARMON

13th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ORDEA

2nd week
THE AMBASSADOR
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT

3rd week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LI.VY

THE DRESSER

Tonight 10

Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS

8th week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30
ROMANCING THE STONE
Mat. 4.30:
PINOCCHIO

RAMAT GAN

AGAINST ALL ODDS
* JEFF BRIDGES
* RACHEL WARD
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
7th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Tonight 10;
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

SAVOY

2nd week
THE AMBASSADOR
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

PRIVATE LESSON

Fri. 10
THE REVENGE OF THE NINJA
Mat. 4.30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID
2nd week
FOOTLOOSE
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HECHAL

UNCOMMON VALOUR
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TIFERET

CHAMPIONS
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15

BAT YAM CINEMA

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30



ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT

REVUE JUIVE

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Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper will week by week keep you informed about what is happening to Jews all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business and personal notices. Sample copies and advertising rates available.

THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

NEW EXHIBITIONS

ART OF SARDINIA UNTIL THE END OF THE NURAGHI PERIOD

Opening on Tuesday, 18.9. at 7.30 p.m.

El Borovick's collection of ancient Sardinian art includes idol statues from 4,000-3,000 BC; a group of clay figures from 2,000 BC and about 70 bronze figurines dating from 1,000 BC. This collection compares in size and importance with the museum collections in Sardinia. Among the bronze figures in Borovick's collection are figures depicting warriors and animals, which belong to the most beautiful Sardinian miniature art.

THE ZONE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESAIAS BAITEL

Opening on Tuesday, 11.9. at 8.00 p.m.

The first exhibition in Israel by Esaias Baitel, born in Sweden. In the seventies, linking himself to street gangs in the outskirts of Paris he followed a group which adopted Nazi symbols. With a mixture of obsessive curiosity and deep loathing, concealing his Jewish identity he followed the process in which futility, adolescent rebelliousness and impulses of imitation breed the worship of power symbols, violence, racism and anti-Semitism. The series of 70 photographs shown carries the intensity of the photographer's experience, much more than being only an informative document.

DENNIS OPPENHEIM: FACTORIES, FIREWORKS, 1978-1984

(See the Helena Rubinstein Pavilion)

EXHIBITION NAHUM GUTMAN

The exhibition is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.

COLLECTIONS

CLASSICAL 17TH AND 18TH CENTURY PAINTINGS: IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM; 20TH CENTURY ART: A SELECTION OF ISRAELI ART

SPECIAL LONS INCLUDING PAINTINGS BY MONET, MORISOT, PISARRO, BONNARD, MATISSE, ROTHKO, GOTTLIBER AND OTHERS

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

THE CONCERT SCHEDULED FOR SATURDAY, 18.9. IS CANCELLED.

THE NEW FRENCH CINEMA (Premiere Screenings in Israel)

In cooperation with the French Embassy in Israel.

Sunday, 18.9. Opening Night: "With A French Flavour," Emile Berendse, mezzo soprano; Emira Lutzky, piano. Works by Debussy, Gounod, Satie. A special event in the Museum Garden at 8.00 p.m. A Nos Amours (1983), in colour, 102 min., French with English subtitles. Maurice Pialat's film about three working-class teenagers: at 8.30 p.m.

Monday, 17.9. Chronopolis (1984, 70 min., French without subtitles). A science-fiction film for children: at 4.30 p.m. Le Faucon (1983, 80 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). Paul Boujenah's psychological thriller: at 8.00 p.m. Paris Vu Par... 20 Ans Apres 9 1984, 100 min., in colour, French with English subtitles. In 1964 six 'New Wave' filmmakers directed short films about Paris. In 1984, six young directors deal with the same subject: at 10.00 p.m.

Tuesday, 18.9. Animated Films for the whole family: at 4.30 p.m. Parade Pour Tous (1982, 110 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). Alain Josse's film about the audience of modern life: at 8.00 p.m. Rue Cases-Negres (1983, 100 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). Winner of the 1983 Venice "Golden Lion" and the 1984 France "Cesars": at 10.00 p.m.

Wednesday, 18.9. Le Hicque de Vivre (1980, 83 min., in colour, without words). A nature-documentary for children: at 4.30 p.m. Les Turpin (1981, 80 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). Bernard Revon's film: Spring 1942 — the story of a group of kids growing up: at 8.00 p.m. Cinq et le Peau (1982, 95 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). By Pierre Nalant. Portrait of Ivan as a social reflection of the city Moulins: at 10.00 p.m.

Thursday, 20.9. Les Cants Chers D'Oeuvre du Musée du Louvre (1982, 105 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). Treasures of the Louvre Museum: at 4.30 p.m. Numéros Zéro (1977, 80 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). Raymond Depardon's documentary describing the ten days of preparation of the first issue of "Le Matin de Paris": at 8.00 p.m. Rêbaleste (1983, 80 min., black and white, without words) Jacques Richard's silent-movie-style film, bringing the actor Jean-Pierre Léaud back to the screen: at 10.00 p.m.

CINEMA (Regularly)

SUNDAY IN

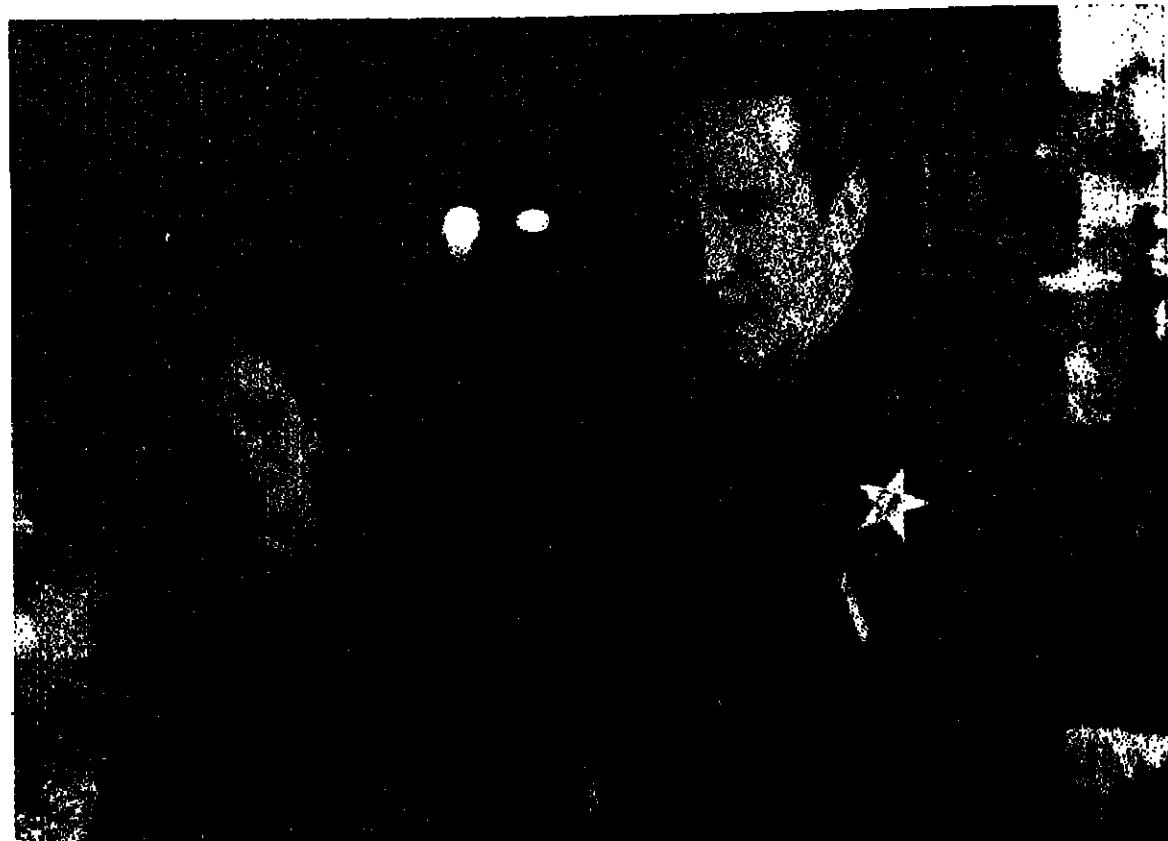
THE FORTY-FIRST Venice Film Festival was saved in the nick of time. For the first 10 days it went on in too sedate a manner, too uneventful for its own good. No real sensations; no juicy scandals; not even crowds massing in the Palazzo del Cinema as they used to in the good old days. The exorbitant prices on the Lido must have something to do with this.

So what was the press expected to use as a handle? Director Marco Ferreri trading insults with his critics? The real news would have been that he didn't, but he did. That the entire hospitality system was a mess? That sorry story has been written and nauseated. We all knew that before we came to Venice.

But on the day before the last, there came a film called *Claretta*, made by a director named Pasquale Squitieri. This was the last of the Italian pictures in competition and a whiff of scandal had accompanied it from its inception. For the film is based on the life story of Clara Petacci, Mussolini's companion, with Squitieri's girl-friend, Claudia Cardinale, playing the part.

Squitieri says he wanted to show the lady as an innocent victim of circumstance, a prey to the dictator's mythical figure, drawn into villainy without any premeditation on her part and faithful to the last to the man she loved.

The journalists who saw the film at its first screening, particularly the non-Italian ones, came away scandalized and convinced that this was an apology for the Fascist regime in Italy. One member of the jury, Soviet poet Eugeny Yevtushenko, stalked out and announced that he was going to propose that the entire



Scott Wilson in "The Year of the Quiet Sun," winner of the Golden Lion.

A whiff of scandal

jury resign in protest.

That was the spark that ignited the fire. Next day, after the jury had announced its prizes, some of the members stayed on to add their personal protest against *Claretta*. But Squitieri, who may not have a remarkable reputation as a film director but is known to be an out-

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

spoken person, was prepared for the attack. He had already distributed leaflets demanding that the jury be dismissed for Yevtushenko's breach

of ethics. Now, as German author Günter Grass was voicing his protest against the film, Squitieri and his friends started shouting him down, saying, among other things, that it was an insult to the entire nation to accuse an Italian of Fascism and do it in the German tongue.

The heckling grew louder and

louder as other jury members such as Swedish actor Erland Josephson and Spanish poet Rafael Alberti added their voices to the chorus of protest.

For the Italian jurors, it was simple enough, even if Michelangelo Antonioni, who presided over the jury, and the Taviani brothers, Paolo and Vittorio, never put it in plain words. Squitieri is their colleague; he has been associated with the progressive movement in the cinema for years and they will have to live with him after the Festival, in a country in which politics have as much to do with film production as art, if not more. Still, they did not try to defend the picture; they argued that everyone has the right to express his own opinions, for what is democracy if not that?

Another jury member, American writer Erica Jong, pointed out that being a juror meant using purely artistic standards of criticism.

IT'S A PITY that the person who could have been most interesting on this matter, Isaac Bashevis Singer, withdrew from the jury on health grounds a few days before the festival started. Maybe he could have had some influence on the strange decisions and prizes. To award the Golden Lion to the Polish film *The Year of the Quiet Sun* could only have been a compromise on an acceptable film when jurors could not agree on the exceptional ones.

Krzysztof Zanussi is certainly an excellent director, and the love story of a Polish widow and an American soldier in the ravaged landscape of World War II points up many aspects of the Polish tragedy, personal and national, of the time. But

(Continued on page 4)

RONNIE JAMES DIO has had an up and down last few years. Thrown in at the deep end as lead vocalist for Richie Blackmore's Rainbow outfit, Dio sang on the band's best album, *Long Live Rock 'n' Roll*.

Then he moved on to Black Sabbath, stepping into the shoes of heavy metal's most eccentric front-man, Ozzy Osbourne. Although he made two albums with Sabbath, Dio never really settled in and it was no surprise when he moved on again, this time to form his own band, aptly named, yeah you guessed it, Dio.

After a fairly uninspiring debut album, Dio have now released *The Last in Line* (Phonokol), and it's a marked improvement.

Dio features a pretty impressive line-up, with Vinny Appice on drums and Jimmy Bain on bass, and this album shows the unit moving towards a Rainbow-like melodic heavy metal sound. In terms of commercial viability, this has to be a welcome step; for those of us not enamoured of a 40-minute long guitar thrash, it is a relief.

The head-banging material is here, of course, but it's interspersed with the odd heavy metal ballad - plodding, bombastic affairs to be sure, but a let up for the ear drums. I suppose Dio's move towards melody might upset some of the band's die-hard fans, but I'm not complaining.

The *Essential Jean Michel Jarre* (Phonokol), far from damaging my

A move towards melody

ROCK, ETC.
David Horovitz

speakers, couldn't even earn a yawn out of the cat. I suppose we should feel sorry for the bloke - no fresh ideas and straight out of cash, so anyone feeling chadtable knows where to send his money.

The album includes three bits of Oxygene, four bits of Equinox, and four bits of Magnetic Fields. Considering that this is supposed to be essential, I seem to have managed pretty well without it till now.

Jarre's music consists of rather uninspired synthesizer playing, and if you didn't rush out to buy Oxygene when it burst onto the scene seven years ago, I wouldn't bother with this collection either.

Sergio Leone's latest film, *Once Upon a Time in America*, has come in for a lot of criticism, mainly for its inordinate length. The soundtrack, out on Phonokol, is happily confined to the usual 40 minutes or so, and very pleasant it is too.

(Continued from page 4)

the last five minutes are a totally unnecessary epilogue and Zanussi himself has found better ways of expressing his opinions in the past.

Even more bizarre was picking an Indian actor, Nasseruddin Shah, for the best acting award. No one even remarked his name or that of the film he played in, *Paar*, when they were announced. The best actress award was bestowed on Pascale Ogier, who plays the lead in a French film, *Night of Full Moon*, an exquisitely intelligent and refined comedy of morals in the best tradition of director Eric Rohmer. Without belittling the young actress' contribution, it was clear that the prize was a way of recognizing other qualities of the film without giving it an award for them.

There was no argument whatsoever with the jury's decision to give a special prize to Otar Iosseliani, a Georgian director who made the film *The Moon's Minions* on a grant from the French government. This is an original, pitiless and almost wordless survey of morals and values in a capitalist society. Iosseliani does it by following a gang of thieves and the fate of their victims, as well as of the objects stolen. It is all done in a humorous vein, implying the absurdity of the merry-go-round described, but allowing the audience to reach its own conclusions.

What exactly were the remarkable technical qualities of Pupi Avati's nice little film about Mozart's childhood, *We Three*, was not evident at all. But it got an award for them nevertheless, for it would have been unimaginable for Italy to come out of the whole event without anything.

More in tune with its intentions was the award of the Silver Lion, a prize for young directors, to the Canadian actress-turned-director Micheline Lanctôt (she played in her second film *Sonatine* to show the lack of communication and indifference among today's youngsters. It is not a new theme, but at least it was sincerely and modestly presented, and in her own category Lanctôt didn't have any real competitor.

IF THERE WERE any big losers at this festival, they were certainly the French, first and foremost Alain Resnais, possibly one of the greatest living directors. After the failure of his previous comedy *La Vie est un Roman*, a flashy satire on intellectuals and their pretensions, Resnais has chosen to return to a chamber-music style: four characters, very little background, no humour, but interminable discussions about human existence.

L'Amour à Mort, as its title implies, is a love story played out in the shadow of death. Elisabeth and Simon, who is mortally ill, share their tragic situation with their best friends, Jerome and Judith, a couple of Protestant clerics, who offer two versions of the Christian dogma applicable to their case. When Simon dies, Elisabeth decides that she, too, can live no longer, and her friends try to dissuade her from suicide.

The entire movie is shot in short, powerful sequences, separated by a black screen, and only then does one hear Hans Werner Henze's music. Resnais says he wants the audience to really listen to it, and not be distracted by the images on the screen.

The other French entry, Jacques Rivette's *L'Amour par Terre*, was clearly an exercise in style in the best Rivette tradition, dealing with reality and imagination, with dual personalities, with mysterious characters acting in a mysterious way. You have to join in the game if you are to enjoy this sort of film, and it is not surprising that a jury selected for its serious mind found it difficult to go along with Rivette and his two actresses, Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin, on such a surrealist trip.

Of the Italian contribution to the festival, the only effort worth mentioning was the Taviani's *Kaos*, based on short stories by Luigi Pirandello. Shown out of competition (after all, the directors were sitting on the jury), this is a compilation of five episodes made primarily for television. Not all the episodes are on the same level, but in two of them and the prologue, the rich rustic poet-

Mostly composed by Ennio (Chi Mai) Morricone, it's not the sort of music to grab your attention and hold you spellbound, but it does make for relaxing background entertainment.

Finally, a word on the charts abroad. Wham's George Michael still leads the UK's singles list, with old-timers Black Lace in second place with a novelty song, "Agadoo." Tina Turner heads the U.S. singles chart with "What's Love Got To Do With It"; "Ghostbusters," the theme of the film, is in second place. Sade and Tina Turner lead the UK album charts, while Prince is still in command in the U.S.

RECORD NEWS. Last year's singing sensation Paul Young has recovered from a long bout with a throat virus, and is in the studio working on a new single. An album is expected by the end of the year.

Also due out shortly are new albums from David Bowie - whose collection reportedly features several songs co-written with Iggy Pop - and Tom Petty, who'll be following up last year's superb *Long After Dark* LP.

Another newie is a debut release from Keats, a band which includes honey voiced singer Colin Blunstone, together with Alan Parsons-Project stalwarts Ian Bairnson and David Paton. Not surprisingly, Alan Parsons is filling the producer's chair.

ry, the splendid images and the melodious score of Nicola Piovani are marvellous. The epilogue, showing Pirandello returning to his native village to encounter the ghost of his mother, probably comes closest to the spirit of the great Italian author.

AS THE FESTIVAL limped to its conclusion, with more and more of the guests sampling the splendours of Venice in preference to the films, the programme was supposed to be given a shot in the arm by the \$28 million production of *Greystoke, the Real Legend of Tarzan, King of the Apes*. Since director Hugh Hudson (*Chariots of Fire*) is British and so is Tarzan himself, the film was introduced as English, but no one could doubt that only the American industry could have afforded such a production.

Hudson chose to go back to the Edgar Rice Burroughs bit of 1911 because, he says, this is an authentic myth of our century: it explores the dualism in all of us, and it also reflects the desperate search for a father figure. Stripping the story of all the nonsense shrouding it since the days of Johnny Weissmuller, Hudson attempts to give a realistic description of the shipwreck which left Tarzan's parents stranded in the African jungle, their death and Tarzan's childhood among the apes. The latter are all played by humans in gorilla skins, for real apes are too unpredictable to use as actors.

The first hour, in the jungle, is pretty gruesome, to say the least, and Hudson says it was even more so before sneak previews indicated that American audiences would be too squeamish to accept it. The second part, Tarzan's return to human society, is probably the best, showing the conflict between his natural jungle impulses and much of the more ridiculous behaviour imposed on humans by society. The third part - his rebellion against society - has very little to do with Burroughs and is too melodramatic and pretentious by far, to the detriment of the basic idea, drowning it in a flood of over-rich and colourful images.

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Sat. at 7:30 pm: *The Canterbury Tales*
Dir.: Pier Paolo Pasolini
9:30 pm: *Kagemusha*
Dir.: Akira Kurosawa
Mon. at 7 pm: *Le Juge et l'Assassin*
Dir.: Bertrand Tavernier
9 pm (small hall): *Day of Wrath*
9:30 pm: *Kramer vs. Kramer*
Dir.: Robert Benton
Tues. at 4 pm: *Held's Song*
Dir.: Robert Taylor
7 pm: *The Chosen*
Dir.: Jeremy P. Kagan
9 pm (small hall): *Obsession*
9:30 pm: *Karate Kid*
Wed. at 7 pm: *The Year of Living Dangerously*
Dir.: Peter Weir
9 pm (small hall): *The Revenge of a Karbid actor*
Dir.: K. Ichikawa
9:30 pm: *The Virgin Spring*
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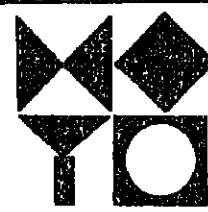
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EVENTS

SPECIAL SCREENING

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RAGTIME (USA 1981)
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CHILDREN'S FILM

THE SMURFS (Animated film with Hebrew dubbing)
Sun, 16, Mon, 17, Wed, 18, Thurs, 20 September at 15.30

FILM

Tuesday, September 18 at 16.00 and 20.30
ZELIG (USA 1983) Hebrew narration
Dir.: Woody Allen; with Woody Allen and Mia Farrow

SPECIAL SCREENING

Saturday, September 22 at 21.00
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (Algeria 1966) — French with Hebrew subtitles
Dir.: Gillo Pontecorvo; with Jean Martin, Yacov Seadi

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Shrine of the Book: Tuesday at 15.00
Rockefeller Museum: Friday at 11.00

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Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10.00—17.00; Tues. 16.00—20.00
Graphics Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11.00—13.00; Tues. 16.00—20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30—13.00; Tues. 13.00—17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00—17.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00—14.00
Ticho House — Galleries: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00—18.30
Tues. 10.00—22.30; Fri. 10.00—13.30
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Mime's the word

DANCE
Dora Sowden

THE NEXT mime company to come to Israel will be the "Theatre Frederik" which will be here in October. It is described as a "theatre without words" and has been praised highly in Europe and the Americas. I understand that Frederik Vanmelle, who gives the company its name and character, is Belgian, but his performers are drawn from many countries. The company was formed 10 years ago. Performances announced so far in Israel are Haifa on October 18, Tel Aviv on the 19th and Jerusalem on the 20th.

Mime has become big entertainment business all over the world. Though it has always had its honoured place in the performing arts, there has recently been an upsurge of popular interest in it. Groups and companies are springing up everywhere and those which were famous have become even more famous.

Perhaps television has helped to attract more attention to the art; but whatever the cause, the interest has reached even the universities.

The latest news about the great Marcel Marceau (recently seen on Israel TV) is that he appeared in the U.S. in July at the Ann Arbor Festival and gave classes there, and that there are plans to create a Marceau Mime School at Michigan University.

We have, of course, been getting some of the best mime here too — especially during festival time. I am told that the Lindsay Kemp Company will return with a new show and that Kemp himself will give classes in January at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem.

PROGRAMME arrangers should take a leaf from the book of good journalists: Start with the best items, in case readers (audiences) don't have the stamina to stay to the end.

If the very good dancers at the performance of the Tamar Dance Theatre of Ramle at the Tel Aviv Museum on September 2 had started with Zvi Gotheiner's *Sigma*, the impression of the whole evening might have been different. *Sigma* (music: Benjamin Britten) was a revised version of the one originally staged. A stylish study of acceptance and rejection as it affects different persons, its moves retained classical colour but looked more varied in the patterns — and more free.

The other works had their merits, but not so consistently. Amir Kol-

ben's *Squaring the Circle* (music: Bartok) was also a revision, much improved by the omission of the film clips of the original presentation. But why should young love be so solemn? My memories tell me there is a lighter side to even the most ardent passion. If there was any in the strenuous and outstanding performance of the Tamar dancers, I missed it. The final pyramid of bodies was still striking.

So the new work (for me) was Gotheiner's *Plugs and Others* (if that is the right translation). The "message" was clear — the effects of silly television (personified by a giggling girl). There were interesting moments — as when dancers stood in a line making a picture contrast to the "box" and the girl. There was also kinetic imagination — but the eye needed subtler engagement.

The Tamar Dance Theatre is a fine young company, with conspicuous choreographic talent. What it probably needs is more exposure in public performances in order to judge its effect — and be judged.

SINCE YONATAN KARMON and his company came back from the United States, where they appeared with great success at New York's Lincoln Centre, Karmon has been devising new dances and drawing on folk sources for them. The programme to be presented at the Jerusalem Theatre on September 19 will include these and some of the best of his former choreography.

The Karmon Israeli Company, as it is now called, has 40 dancers, with five soloists, a group of singers, and musical direction by Yitzhak Graziari.

THERE ISN'T OFTEN as much professionalism in a community centre performance as there was in the dance matinee presented by Yaron Margolin at the Beit Ha'noar Ha'yvri

in Jerusalem on September 2. But Margolin is not only a teacher but an exceptional dancer and also a choreographer with a personal idiom.

In his trio *Jerusalem No. 5*, his sensitivity to the music (Kodaly, Op. 7) was a dominant feature, while the work maintained its swing and sway, with sudden bursts of speed (by Margolin himself) and steady motivation. The other dancers were Yonatan Dalesky and Yael Keren.

His duet *For Rebbecca* (music: Poulenc) danced by himself and Yarden Navon, had a romantic element, warmer and more dramatic than the earlier work, with extended sketches, circling arms and legs, and whirling lifts.

There may be reasons for doing dances in silence, but neither Hans Levkovitz nor Tali Freed proved them sufficient. The inner rhythm that alone could justify choreographed solos was not discernible. The results were just brief dramas.

In Yonatan Dalesky's *Inside and Out* (music: John McLaughlin) the Margolin influence was apparent, but there was individual potential. Yarden Navon's *Joh* (music: Bartok) was well designed and danced, its urgency carrying conviction. A weak spot was a too-long-held first attitude, the dancer standing with her back to the audience. Only extraordinary chutzpa can carry such moments. Nine-year-old Nurit Katz, doing her own choreography with a chair, had promise that deserves nurturing, but at this stage, not appraisal.

WHILE PREPARING to come on aliyah, Anne Wilson and her psychiatrist husband Dr. Martin Wange gave a "Barre Party" at their beautiful New York home in aid of the Dance Library of Israel. Admission was by donation of "a book on dance, new or used, a 16mm. film on dance, a videotape on dance or blark ¼ in. cassette, or cash equivalent." Among the 175 celebrities who attended were Galina Panova (just ending her star role in *On Your Toes* on Broadway), and Pauline Kner and Orest Sergeievsky, both of whom promised future gifts of their collections.

The Wanghs are due here in November, after they have both fulfilled teaching engagements in Germany.

THERE MUST have been good reasons to hold the last Israel Festival in May-June. Obviously, filling the gap between concert seasons — which, after all, happens to be the *raison d'être* of summer festivals — was not one of them. A music-oriented Israeli, eccentric enough not to spend the summer abroad, was thus left without much to help him through the hot, dull months.

That is where the courses held in July and August at the capital's Rubin Academy of Music and Dance and the Jerusalem Music Centre enter the picture. No match for the festival, they nevertheless drew top artists and pedagogues from abroad as well as some leading local people.

The six-week event, open — for a fee — to the general public, covered a wide range of musical activity: from the old music to our perennial Cinderella, the opera; from music appreciation to in-depth study of instrumental literature. The workshop on the human body in relation to performing activity and on the ways to overcome physical obstacles turned out to be a fascinating, unorthodox addition.

About the same time, Tel Aviv University hosted the annual workshops organized by the Ministry of Education and Culture's music education department. These, intended for music teachers, dealt mostly with specific questions of method and were of less interest to outsiders.

Inaugurated in 1958 as a yearly event through the financial support of the late Samuel Rubin (the Rubin Foundation is still a major benefactor), the Jerusalem summer courses saw their format grow considerably. As the Mishkenot Sha'ananim Music Centre pitched in, by lending its

The well-tempered body

MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Eli Karev

remarkable facilities, and two floors of the academy building were turned into dormitories for the participants, "virtually everyone from among our auditors could relate to his or her subject of interest as well as discover new ones," said Ora Shmit, the new coordinator of the affair.

THE BAROQUE enthusiasts, a growing and intensely committed group, were reunited with their Dutch artists-instructors-friends, regular visitors to Jerusalem for several years. The recorder players Gerdien Tanja and Dorothea Winter, the harpsichordist Christopher Farr, the violinist Freek Borstlap and the flautist Pieter van Houwelingen lost no time in renewing personal contact with their charges, and the relaxed atmosphere allowed for intensive and productive work. The guests were joined by the American soprano Judith Nelson, who taught part of the time and sang in a baroque music concert, in which authentic instruments were used.

The baroque style came up in the classes of Sergiu Luca as well; yet here the emphasis was different. Luca is a concert violinist with a stylistically all-inclusive repertoire. His interest in the baroque reflects the desire to understand the old music and transmit its expressive message without surrendering his aesthetic position as a modern artist.

Luca spoke also of ways to embellish a Bach slow movement, of articulation, rhythmic peculiarities and dynamics, but he would juxtapose the Bach embellishments to those of Tchaikovsky, a baroque melody line to Brahms'. The majority of today's performers, not content to devote themselves to one particular historic period, should find such an approach both efficient and effective.

"MAKING music is, physically speaking, an unnatural activity," says Shmuel Tatz, a physiotherapist and founding member of the Jerusalem centre that deals with art and medicine. "The performer's body tends to assume incorrect posture, and if no measures are taken, this leads to tension, pain, even inability to continue. Only the relaxed, well-controlled body can provide optimal conditions for the artistic potential to be realized."

Tatz has been treating sports people, dancers and musicians for years. His system, which he calls "The Well-Tempered Body," is an eye-opener. During one of his sessions, working with a percussionist who had suffered from a debilitating stiffness and pain in his neck, Tatz traced the cause to the waist area and "taught" the muscles there the right motion. The immediate improvement was there for all to see. A set of daily exercises to maintain the progress followed.

Most of the work can be done on your own, Tatz believes. "What I do is teach you to know your body and, if the need arises, to help it out occasionally."

if the need arises, to help it out occasionally."

Nelly Ben Or, the London-based pianist and expert on the Alexander technique, showed the advantages of applying to piano playing the body deployment theory developed by Australian actor F. Mathias Alexander at the turn of the century. Her points on technique, memory development and coordination between musical thought and playing were well taken. Most of these observations, however, seemed to have precious little to do with the Alexander — or any other — specific method. It may be that the evident professional inadequacy of the student performers impeded her efforts; some advance knowledge of the subject by the participants could have helped. As it was, the message remained rather elusive.

A REAL TREAT awaited the small, promising bunch of young local cellists — for the first time, Janos Starker came in to share with them his professional insights. One of the brilliant virtuosos of our time, the Hungarian-American artist enjoys a spectacular pedagogic reputation, as he trots the globe teaching the best young cellists he meets. Some of our leading players have studied with him in the U.S. or Europe. As if to demonstrate what he was talking about during the course, Starker capped his stay with an unaccompanied recital in Tel Aviv.

Not that the pianists had any reason to complain. After an absence of 16 years, Leonard Shure led his listeners and students through a fortnight of singularly inspired music-making. The 74-year-old master, a pupil and assistant of Artur Schnabel, rekindled the flame of

great tradition every time he touched a work of classic or romantic music literature. His single-minded devotion to the score in its minutest details, the untamable intensity of feeling, the seemingly unattainable — all this contributed to the trance-like atmosphere in which the power of music to reach the very emotional foundations of a human being was invoked time and again by a supreme artistic — and pedagogic — feat.

Verdi's *La Traviata* provided the subject of a month-long study by our young singers in need of operatic experience. The Jerusalemite Jacob Kaufman took care of their stage demeanour, while Mikael Eliassen, the master accompanist and coach from New York, and a familiar figure in our concert life, handled the musical aspect. The state of Israeli operatic culture being what it is, one more push in the right direction was certainly welcome.

A guitar master-class led by Yossi Urshalmi, a music appreciation course conducted by Semadar Giberman, and a chamber-music workshop coached by Motti Shmit, all of the academy faculty, rounded off the busy event, whose stimulating effect on our musical community can hardly be disputed.

Given the imposing artistic quality of many courses, as well as the unique locale, the organizers may think of attracting in the years to come participants and observers from abroad. The few Israelis studying at Juilliard in New York and the Curtis Institute of Philadelphia have already found it worth their while to take an active part. This is a good omen for the future.

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2. "To Save a World"
3. American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC) 1914-1984
4. "The Knights of the Calvario Menorah"

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
1. "The Holocaust" Starring Lili Monori, Isabelle Huppert, Jan Nowicki, Dir.: Marta Meszaris. In French with Hebrew subtitles. Tues., Sept. 18 at 8.30 pm. Admission Fee: 15750; for members of Friends Association 15600. Courtesy of bank leumi בנק לאומי

EVENTS
1. Hungarian Jews during the Holocaust: Interviews (in Hungarian) in the framework of the exhibition "The Story of the Jews in Hungary" (in cooperation with the Public Committee of the Heritage of Hungarian Jews and the newspaper "Uj Kelet"). Screening of the film: "Presence", Dir.: Vancso. Sunday, September 16 at 4.30 pm.

2. Special display of the silk-screen (serigraph) edition of SCROLLS OF FIRE Text: Abba Kovner; Paintings: Dan Reisinger. Speaker: Mr. Meir De-Shalit. The signed and numbered silk-screens are offered for sale Sept. 17 till 25. Monday, September 17 at 7 pm.

3. The "Illegal" Immigration of Moroccan Jews to Israel (A study evening) Wednesday, September 18 at 8.30 pm
4. A special meeting to mark the 40th anniversary of the Jewish Brigade. An evening of interviews taped for "Galay Zana". Thurs., Sept. 20 at 8.30 pm.

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♦ AQ652
♣ 106

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♥ J963
♦ 74
♣ AKQ54

The bidding was simple, and with East - West passing throughout, you reach a slam in six hearts. The spade queen was the opening lead. As you count the hand you know you are going to finesse in both hearts and diamonds. As long as one works, there should be no problem. Even if clubs do not split 3-3 you can trump one diamond and set up the club suit for any other needed discards. But where do you win the first trick? Since you have to make two finesses, it seems better to win in the South hand.

For the second trick you lead a small heart. West plays the king. Is this a singleton? If so, it may mean trouble. You are sure that you can win four trump tricks, but that will leave you with no hearts to trump losers, and you cannot count on running the club suit. But you had better try the diamond finesse to plan to trump one diamond. To do this you play a club to your hand, and you notice that East plays the nine. This may mean more trouble with the club suit if the nine is a singleton. The hand is getting complicated. Maybe everything is going wrong.

The diamond finesse works, and the hand depends on what happens with the club suit. Light dawns. If

What can go wrong?

BRIDGE George Levinrew

you play the ten and win in hand with the queen, you can make five trump tricks. For this you trump a low club with the heart queen. Then you finesse trump, pulling the outstanding trump. With this you will win in all two spades, five hearts, two diamonds and three clubs. If East ruffs the club, then you will win the same 12 tricks.

The secret of this hand is to find a way to win five trump tricks by ruffing in the North hand.

Here are the East - West hands:

West
♠ QJ952
♥ K
♦ K3
♣ J8732

East
♠ 10743
♥ 10542
♦ J1098
♣ 9

IN THE FOLLOWING deal, see how declarer overcame what seemed to go wrong:

North
♠ Q8732
♥ K8753
♦ K2
♣ 2

South
♠ KJ96
♥ Q102
♦ 10
♣ AQ1098

The bidding:

East 3♦ South 4♠ West 3NT North 4♦
Pass 4♠ All Pass

When things may go wrong, always look for the chance to overcome.

The bidding was far from simple, with a pre-empt by East and an effort to muddy the water by West. Nevertheless, with the help of a cue bid by North, North - South found their way to a four spade contract. On the lead of the diamond ace the count seemed hopeful, despite three aces off the hand. For the second trick the heart ace was led. The two kings in dummy sure looked good. West exited with a heart to South's queen, on which East played the jack. Declarer knew he had to lose to the spade ace.

What can now go wrong? With East probably having now a void in hearts and declarer in danger if East trumps a heart, he had better dump his heart on the good diamond king. The way to dummy was to play the club ace and ruff a club. Then, after dumping his heart on the diamond, it was time to knock out the spade ace. So a spade went to the jack and ace. West led a club.

Where, oh where, was the spade ten? East had started with six or seven clubs, two diamonds, two hearts, and two or three spades. Because of the threat of the ten, declarer had to ruff the club with the queen in dummy, while East dropped the king. Still, where is the ten? Should declarer finesse? Declarer thought that most likely East had started with seven diamonds. A spade was played: the ten did not drop. There was still a chance to finesse. But standing by his conviction about the distribution, South played the king and the ten dropped, making the contract.

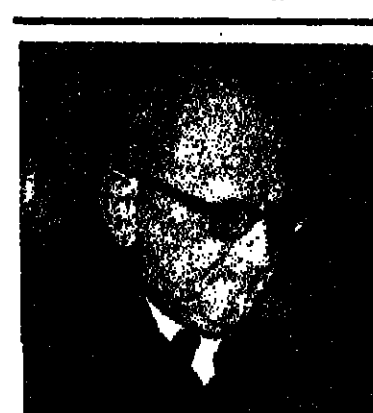
Here are the East - West hands:

West
♠ A10
♥ A94
♦ A83
♣ J7643

East
♠ 54
♥ J6
♦ QJ97654
♣ K5

When things may go wrong, always look for the chance to overcome.

CHESS Eliahu Shahaf



Moshe Czerniak

of the former world champions. Apart from practical play, Czerniak devoted a great deal of time to teaching chess to young players, and many of today's top players in Israel are his pupils.

He contributed in many ways to the absorption of new immigrants from the USSR. A prolific writer, Czerniak published many works in Hebrew, English and Spanish and enriched world chess literature with his original ideas. For the past 25 years he was the chief coach at the Tel Aviv Youth Centre and edited the *Ha'aretz* chess column.

In 1976 he was awarded a special prize for his lifetime accomplishments in chess.

With the passing away of Czerniak, Israel has lost a man who devoted his life to chess and has done more for the development of the game in this country than any other Israeli chessplayer. His monumental work and the man behind it will never be forgotten.

The following game, one of the thousands Czerniak played in countless tournaments, was played in the 1964 Netanya International.

S. KAGAN M. CZERNIAK
1. e4 c5 2. f4 Nc6 3. Nf3 e6 4. Nc3 d5 5. Bb5 a6 6. Be6 bc6 7. d3 Nf6 8. 0-0 Be7 9. e5 Nd7 10. Na4 0-0 11. Bd2 Qc7 12. Qe1 a5 13. c4 Qa7 14. Qg3 f5 15. Qf2 Nb6 16. Nb6 Qb6 17. b3 a4 18. b4 d4 19. bc5 Bc5 20. d4 Be7 21. Rb1 Qc7 22. Bb4 Ba6 23. Qc3 Rfc8 24. Qa3 c5 25. Be5 Bc5 26. dc5 Qc7 27. Qc5 Rc5 28. Rb6 c3 29. Rc1 Bd3 30. Nd4 c2 31. Kf2 Rc3 32. Ne6 Rac8 33. Rb7 Kh8 34. Ng7 Rg8 35. Nh5 Be4 36. Re7 Rg2 37. Kf1 Rg8 38. Nf6 Rh2 39. Kg1 Rg2 40. Kf1 Rh2 41. Kg1 Rg2 42. Kf1 Rg2 43. Rg7 Kg7 44. Ke2 Rc4 45. Ne8 Kf8 46. Nd6 Rc8 47. Ke3 Rc3 48. Kd2 Rd3 49. Ke2 Rd1. White resigns.

FROM THE 1974 Nice olympiad here is a fine game:

M. CZERNIAK M. GONZALES
1. e4 c5 2. b3 e6 3. Bb2 Nf6 4. e5 Nd5 5. Nf3 d6 6. e6 Qd6 7. Na3 f6 8. g3 Ne5 9. Bg2 e5 10. Nb5 Qd8 11. Ne5 Ne5 12. Be5 a6 13. Bd5! ab5 14. Qh5! g6 15. Qf3 Bg4 16. Qg4 Qd5 17. Bf6 Qh1 18. Ke2 Qd5 19. Bb8 Bb6 20. d4! Ra6! 21. Re1 Kd8! 22. Be5 Ra2 23. Qh4 g5 24. Qh6 Qe4 25. Kf1 Oh1 26. Kc2 Qe4. Draw agreed.

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Knedlach and chopsticks

MATTERS OF TASTE Haim Shapiro

I'M WILLING to try anything once, even a buffet offering a choice of Chinese, German and English food. That was the choice the week we decided to try the Wednesday evening international buffet dinner at the Tel Aviv Sheraton's Kum-Kum restaurant. I wasn't sure what to expect. I love Chinese food, but to have Chinese food cooked by somebody making English food? I know that even the English can cook well when they want to, but what is distinctive about their cookery? Perhaps, I thought, I might eat my knedlach with chopsticks.

As it happens, I didn't eat my dumpling with chopsticks, because there were no chopsticks. But there were eggrolls and they weren't half bad - light and crisp and well-filled with lightly-cooked vegetables. Also very pleasant on the Asiatic side of the plate was cold roast duck, delicately aromatic. In fact, I decided, if one is to eat such a mélange of dishes, it is best to start with the subtle flavours of the Far East and work up (or down?) to the heavier cooking of Europe.

However, we made a descent far sooner, with the wonton soup, which was tasty and - I would never have believed that I could complain of such a thing - far too heavily seasoned with ginger. One can have too much of a good thing.

The wontons put us off Chinese for a while, and I made my foray to the English side of the table, where thin slices of cold, rare, roast beef attracted my eye. The beef was as good as it looked, fresh, juicy and tender.

Also attractive in the Anglo-Saxon area was a pâté. How an

English pâté differs from a French one is beyond my meagre understanding; but whatever its nationality, this was light and tasty. Naturally, I also tried a bit of the steak and kidney pie, which I found very good indeed.

While I was in this rib-sticking mood, I wandered over to the German display and picked up a large, pale *kudl* accompanied by sauerbraten. After tasting these two items, I was not surprised to learn that the chef was German. They indeed had the flavour of authenticity. A light salad followed. I'm not sure what its nationality was said to be, but I suppose we can be fairly certain it wasn't part of the Chinese buffet. Indeed, after the heavy Western dishes, one had no desire to return to the subtlety of the Far East.

It was back to England for the desserts, of which two were especially good: a lovely gooey trifle and a tart apple crisp with custard sauce. The cream in both was parve, of course, but didn't taste like it. The set-price for all this is \$18 per person, not including VAT and service charges or drinks. I remember the days when we used to rail against the hotels for setting their prices in dollars. Oh! for those good old days.

WITH THOUGHTS of the coming holidays, it was the heavier German cooking which seemed suitable for a festive meal. Using one of the less

expensive cuts of frozen beef, one can make a sweet and sour pot which needs no last-minute work and which can feed large numbers with relative ease.

The classic cut in the Eastern European Jewish kitchen for such a dish is brisket (*haczeh*); but if you object to the rather large proportion of fat usually found on this cut, you might pay a little more and splurge on a shoulder (*kaf*) cut. For eight to 10 people, buy a piece weighing at least a kilo and a half.

In a large pot, fry five or six large, sliced onions until they are soft, but not browned. Remove the onions and, adding more oil if necessary, brown the meat well on all sides. Pile the onions on top and pour over the meat about half a bottle of sweet red wine, a quarter cup of vinegar and enough beef stock (from a cube) to cover the meat. For seasoning, add half a teaspoon of ground ginger a good pinch of ground cloves, a bit of mace, if you can get it, and half a teaspoon each of salt and ground black pepper.

Cover the pot and leave to simmer on a low flame for a few hours. If you want to do your shopping and forget about the meat, leave it in a medium to low oven for a few hours. The meat should be very tender when done.

Remove it to a platter to cool. Meanwhile, add a heaping teaspoon of cornstarch, mixed with half a cup of cold water, to the meat gravy. Bring to a boil and stir until the sauce is thickened. Add some salt if necessary. When the meat is cold, slice it, arrange it neatly and pour the gravy over it.

Heat briefly before serving.

Cultural insurance

THEATRE Haim Shapiro

about changing tickets for a different day or performance, often doing it all by telephone. "They treat you like a human being and trust you," was the way one satisfied subscriber told *The Post*.

THE MUSIC subscription series for the coming season includes two symphonic programmes with the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra; "Tones and Voices in the Hallmark of Bach," featuring the Israel Chamber Orchestra; "The Sound of Choirs," featuring the Camerata Singers; and a new series with Beersheba's Israel Sinfonietta.

For dance enthusiasts, there is an "open" subscription, which offers a choice of any four performances by local dance companies; one performance by a visiting dance company; and two vouchers for practically any performance at the theatre. For young people there is a plan which offers a choice of any four theatre, music or dance programmes, with a bonus voucher for one light entertainment programme.

THEATRE LOVERS can avail themselves of a subscription which offers five of what Amrani promises are to be the best plays of the season,

performed by the country's leading repertory companies - Habimah, Cameri, and the Haifa and Beersheba Theatres - as well as two other productions. The Jerusalem Theatre's committee sees the plays in advance and chooses those which it considers the best.

In answer to a question as to whether the theatre tended to include plays which at least a part of the audience considered offensive, Amrani noted that it was true that avant-garde productions were also among the best offered. But he hastened to point out that in any case, the subscriber has the option of exchanging his tickets for any other play shown at the theatre.

For those who have difficulty with Hebrew, at least some of the plays will be presented with simultaneous translation, produced live at every performance, with a number of actors reading the script.

AS TO COMPLAINTS by some critics that Jerusalem ought to foster its own theatre group, rather than depend on those from elsewhere, Amrani said that the city does have a repertory company (the Khan), which happens to be in dire financial straits. Besides, he noted, it is only residents of the capital who can take advantage of a subscription series which is not tied to one of the major companies.

Another aim is that virtually every schoolchild should be able to see at least one play during school hours. There is also, for youth, what is known as the "long theatre day," from 8.30 to 1.00, with a drama production as the centrepiece of a day filled with discussions and workshops.

This Week in Israel - Th

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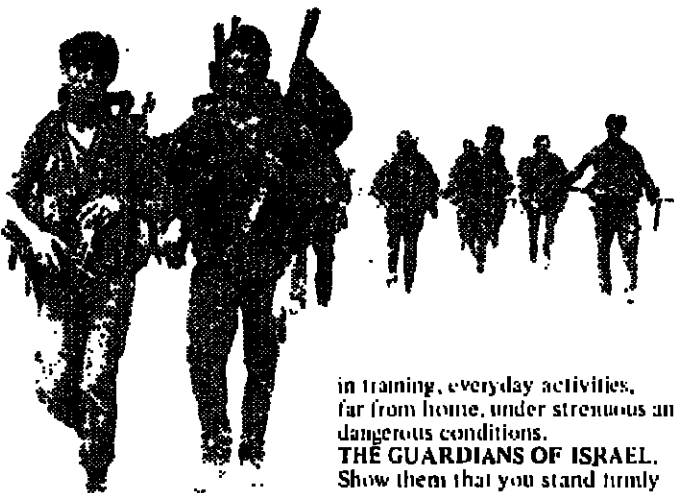
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Jordan River Fantasia

EVERY SOLDIER turning 40 - for that matter, every man, soldier or civilian, turning any age between 12 and 108 - has a secret fantasy that some day the good Lord will deliver to him on a silver platter, gift-wrapped, a blonde Swedish beauty. This dream came true for Gershon in this week's episode of *Reserve Duty*.

It is fortunate that Eilon Golein, the head of Israel Television's drama department, took the precaution of warning us in advance that any resemblance between reality and *Reserve Duty* would be purely coincidental. This week's offering was more like a trip to Disneyland than to the Jordan River marshes.

For those readers who did not see it, let me recount briefly what happens - the plot is so thin that the recapitulation will not consume a great deal of space. (Readers who did see it can skip the next paragraph.)

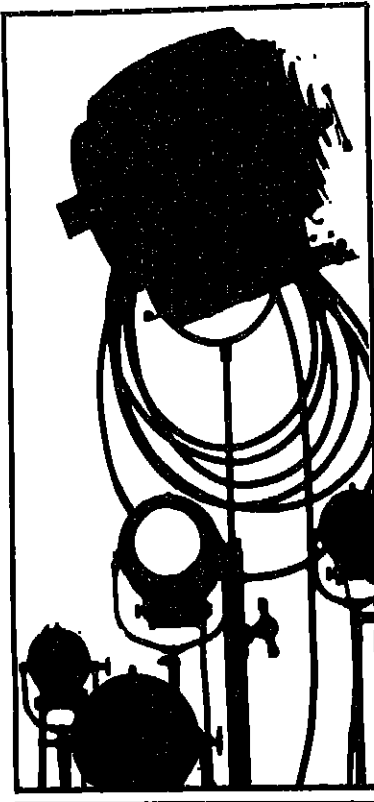
Gershon, the portly, balding medic is all set to mourn his 40th birthday. He feels terrible, sleeps a lot, and treats his comrades-in-arms as unpleasantly as the Englishmen treat each other in *Callan*. Ulla, a beautiful Swede who has strayed from the kibbutz where she is serving as a volunteer, is captured by the squad in the reeds on the riverside. They drink wine with her, feed her TPC (tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers) and deliver her as a birthday present to Gershon, hoping that her influence will bring him back into the human race. He shows her photographs of his wife and three children, falls asleep, and presumably will arise a new man.

THE IDEA is certainly an amusing one. The trouble, as with so much comic writing and scripting, is that the idea has to be developed into a film lasting a full 50 minutes, and in the process it becomes so thin and attenuated that it ends up almost transparent. It is much easier to stretch out a drama or thriller than a comedy, which needs a succession of wisecracks and hilarious situations as well as a basic concept. These supports were conspicuous by their absence.

It seemed to me that the production as a whole had improved considerably since last week, although there is still an amateur air about the show. *Reserve Duty* gives us a cross-section in miniature of the ingathering of the exiles. As the show moves clumsily along, like a wagon-train going West, we can almost hear producer Danny Paron and director Anton Salah telling the different members of the cast: you're a tortured South African immigrant, you're fat and middle-aged, you're Orthodox, you're a hustler, you're a kibbutznik, act accordingly.

So each actor throws himself into his part with a zeal that results in caricatures instead of characters. Even in comedy, such two-dimensional acting should be outlawed. The only times you are not uncomfortably aware that you are seeing actors playing parts is when Yehuda, the commander, and Benny, the very good-looking kibbutznik, behave naturally. Like sabras.

PARTICULARLY irritating to me, because of my South African background, is Herzl, who wears a University of Cape Town T-shirt and purports to have come from the land of my birth. He spends all his time complaining neurotically about the lack of spirituality and the chauvinism he is finding in Israel. He tells



TELEREVIEW Philip Gillon

Yehuda that he is going back to South Africa, not because of work problems, or housing difficulties, or even the language barrier, but because of the lack of idealism and the aggression rife in the Promised Land. This complaint results in the best lines of the episode. Yehuda tells Benny, "Your *tsinut* (cynicism) is getting Herzl down." Benny retorts, "Herzl's *Zionut* (Zionism) is getting us down."

Herzl is completely atypical of almost every South African immigrant I have ever known. South Africans are shallow, superficial, practical, self-disciplined, taught to keep a stiff upper lip and to observe the principles outlined in Rudyard Kipling's poem "If".

Wasting time and effort in tortuous introspection, analysis and self-lacerations is essentially an American trait. The Americans are guaranteed by their constitution the right to the pursuit of happiness, so they feel compelled to ask themselves all the time: "Am I getting my rights? Am I pursuing happiness? Am I happy? Is the bluebird escaping my clutches? If so, who's preventing my putting salt on its tail?"

The more I think about it, the more convinced I become that Herzl, despite his accent, is really an American in disguise. In fact, his physical appearance - that headgear and beard, as well as his style of speech - make me suspect that he is a former American drug addict and seeker of Buddha in Nepal, now searching for light and truth in a return to his roots. Yehuda had better beware: he may have a Kach spy in his unit.

MANY PEOPLE, whose opinions I sometimes respect, have berated me for being so kind to *Reserve Duty*. They say that I should have panned it mercilessly as being unworthy of university amateurs. I have even been accused of being deliberately soft, because I have been so strong an advocate in the past of producing Israeli fiction films for television that I am not prepared to admit that this film should not have been released. While conceding that the first two

episodes of *Reserve Duty* have had the shortcomings that I indicated last week and this, I still stand foursquare on my platform that any Israeli film is well worth making. Unlike Israeli politicians negotiating a national unity government, I am not prepared to modify my principles one jot or tittle: we must have more, and more, and more Israeli film wares. The issue is not whether they are good, bad or indifferent: the issue is whether they are to be born or aborted.

By what yardstick do we test a local product like *Reserve Duty*? Must it be as good as *Arms and the Man*, or *Mash* or *Catch 22*? If we set so high a standard, very few films will ever see the light of night. And this precisely is what has happened to us: one show a decade is a very low average.

John Ford, the great American director, once said that you cannot build up a film industry on the basis of occasional wonderful films: you have to produce all kinds of films in quantity: A films, B films, comedies, thrillers, dramas, tragedies, everything. From these, the great films will emerge. Only in this way can producers, directors, actors, scriptwriters, editors, cameramen, and all the others concerned in the making of films learn their art. I agree with him wholeheartedly.

Somebody has argued to me that, if we cannot produce TV films of a very high standard, we should face the reality, should abandon all efforts at film-making and should concentrate all our efforts on getting the best possible imports. I will never accept this approach. If it had been applied to everything in Israel, we would have had no agriculture, no industry, no transportation, no sport, no arts, nothing - in fact, no state. We learn by doing.

Dr. Johnson pointed out to Boswell, "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." I would prefer *Reserve Duty* to be of the standard of *Yes, Minister*; even if it isn't, it is a wonder that it has been done, that we do have an indigenous programme in our own language.

WHEN HE INTRODUCED this week's edition of *Now is the Time*, Rami Evron went to great pains to explain that the programme was not being seen live, but was being taped in the afternoon, some hours before it was screened. He did this to cover himself before the meeting of the Labour Party central committee, obviously worrying lest this make nonsense of one of his interviews. As it happened, the decision of the committee was the one anticipated.

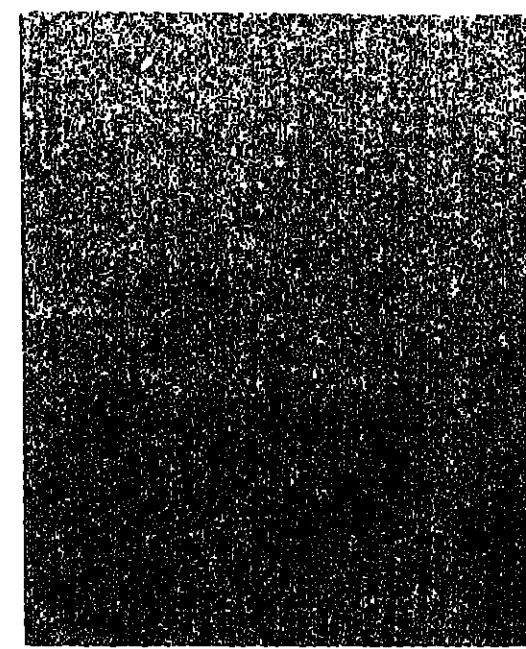
What I don't understand is why, if there is so much time between the taping and the screening, Evron's producers never let us see the names of the people on his programme. They leave us to rely on our sketchy memories and his introductions, often mumbled, to know who are the people who have entered our homes without asking our permission.

I suspect that there is a snobbishy at work here: if we are the "in" people we should be, we should know any Israeli or foreigner deemed worthy of the accolade of being invited to Evron's party.

All too often, I fear, I fail to pass the test, and my enjoyment of an excellent programme is marred by exasperation about my own ignorance of the names of the participants.



Rothko in his studio, circa 1944.



Mark Rothko: acrylic and ink on paper, 1969.

Rothko: ecstasy and doom

Rothko estate to give paintings to the Israel Museum and to the Museum of Tel Aviv.

Meir Ronnen

MARK ROTHKO: WORKS ON PAPER by Bonnie Clearwater, with a foreword by Dore Ashton. New York, Hudson Hills Press. 143 pp. \$35.

MARK ROTHKO (b. Rothkowitz, Russia, 1913-1970) killed himself in his studio not long after the abstract-expressionist movement was finally pronounced dead. Fortunately, his paintings - and Rothko's - live on.

All of Rothko's work (and up till 1950, it was fairly trivial) was a conscious reductive progression towards the artist's avowed aim of producing something so immediate that nothing could come between it and the observer. Rothko, however, was not just seeking abstract harmonies of pure colour; he wanted to convey the essence of what were to him the greatest of the emotions. While removing all the obstacles to ultimate clarity, he was also after an evocation of a sense of "tragedy, ecstasy, doom."

This beautifully produced and splendidly printed book (in Japan, now home of the world's best colour printing) is published on the occasion of a show of works on paper mounted at the Washington National Gallery by The Rothko Foundation and the American Federation of Arts, with the help of Warner Communications. The intelligent text points up that these works were not studies for the large oils but often followed them (many fine canvases are also beautifully reproduced); and some were experiments in the use of acrylics.

Rothko earlier used watercolours and even oils on paper, but he must soon have realized that acrylic layers, unlike watercolours, remained separate from each other no matter how many washes are laid down. He rarely made sketches for his canvases; but he did make some for huge planned murals and these are also included here, but they are chiefly experiments with connected rectangles rather than colour studies.

The works on paper exposed the comparative "simplicity" of his



Mark Rothko: acrylic on paper, 1968.

approach to his canvases. His reductive development had led to the successful jettisoning of all the gestural, calligraphic motifs surviving from his earlier abstract surrealism. His two or three stacked rectangles gave his work what it had hitherto lacked: a personal, recognizable "signature," a basic logo on which to hang his emotional colour. These rectangles were softened and furry at the edges, partly transparent and sometimes illuminated by a single separating band of brighter colour. But, ultimately, it was their emotional power that lifted them, up and perhaps beyond the other great personal logo-images of American art: Albers's dynamically concentric squares, Noland's targets and chevrons, Stella's protruders, Louis's veils.

Rothko made over 1,000 pictures. Some were trivial or mediocre, but this book shows us some of his best work.

ROTHKO LEFT behind him 798 pictures. His orphan children, Kate and Christopher, then 19 and 12, got none. His executors sold off 100 for an average of \$12,000 each, ostensibly to raise money for a Rothko Foundation, though the pictures

were worth very much more. They consigned the rest, at a whopping 50 per cent commission, to Rothko's dealer, Frank Lloyd Marlborough Galleries International.

Kate, taking on her father's closest friends and dealer, sued for their return. Early in 1976 the court finally appointed her sole administrator of the estate and fined Lloyd and the executors \$9.25m., in lieu of the paintings that had been repogged sold; many were then promptly returned to the estate! They had of course been rather under-valued. A Rothko fetched \$1.8m. at auction last year.

Ten per cent of the pictures had been left to Rothko's widow, who survived him by only six months. Under Kate's direction, five ninths of the rest now went to a reconstituted Rothko Foundation, which is currently disbursing the works to various museums. Kate and Christopher got the rest. The art world was delighted that the baddies had finally got their comeuppance.

LEGACY TO ISRAEL

The Washington National Gallery is the Foundation's main beneficiary: it is getting 285 works valued at about \$100m., as well as nearly 600 drawings and sketches; and study materials for its archive. All of America's leading museums are to get between one and 15 works. Other beneficiaries include the Tate in London, the Stedelijk in Amsterdam and the Louisiana in Denmark and the Louisiana in Louisiana. Distribution will be completed within the next two years, when the Foundation will be liquidated.

Nothing of all this, of course, is dealt with in the above book. There is a hint in the text however that Rothko may have felt that he had reached the end of his reductive development and was dissatisfied with his attempts to design new murals. Dogged by depression and ill health, and fearing a drying up of his creative powers, he may have felt that his life had run its course. I have always suspected that much the same thought occurred to an even greater painter who also took his own life: Vincent van Gogh.

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The other Sabras

Edith Varga-Biro

AN EXHIBITION of outstanding photographs by Ya'acov Shofar explores the crime and drug-infested world of our slums. Shofar, a member of a Negev kibbutz and teacher of photography at the Bezalel Academy, spent many months in Jerusalem's Morasha (Mushara) Quarter, taping conversations. His material is now being published in a book entitled "Born in Israel" (also the name of the exhibition). This phrase usually evokes the image of a cheerful, clean-looking, idealistic pioneer and heroic soldier. Here it is used to remind us of quite different youngsters, victims not only of historical conditions, but also of prejudice. Their life was, and partly remains, a vicious circle of poverty and lack of education, with aggression and crime as a way of life.

Shofar's work, concerned photography at its best, depicts these young slum-inhabitants with human dignity. He composes beautifully, without using technical gimmicks, and enlivens his picture-surface with a vibrating play of light and shade, interesting patterns and textures: stone, wood, plaster, paint, fabrics.

The exhibition begins with shots of the littered district and pitiful interiors with minimal furnishings and an occasional decoration: a picture of the Western Wall, the Sephardi Chief Rabbi, the Black Panthers or an Independence Day poster.

Portraits, partly posed, form the main body of the exhibitions: photos of sad-eyed people, the youngsters still defiant or clowning, the middle-aged resigned and dejected. There are only a few pictures of women: a tragic mother with expressive hands and eyes, whose four sons all have a criminal record; another care-worn mother, happy this once with a beautiful daughter; a bride, the only purely white spot in this exhibition of blacks and greys.

Shofar wants to present the slum inhabitants not in their outbursts, but as human, often warmhearted individuals. With all this he lets us perceive a deep hatred and pent-up aggression.

The exhibition, by curator Judith Shen-Dar, features extracts from Shofar's conversations with his subjects; they are full of revealing insights - and stories of degradation in the life of Jews "born in Israel." (Haifa Museum). Till October 31.



From "Born in Israel" by Ya'acov Shofar (Haifa Museum).

Will the real Kadishman please...?

Gil Goldfine

MENASHE KADISHMAN is now seen splashing down to a grand finale in his episodic romance with his beloved sheep. From caring for them physically as a young kibbutznik to penning and staining their fleece as a conceptualist at the Venice Biennale and painting them as subject matter *à la* Franz Marc, he is now fashioning their shapes and forms into large energetic abstracted landscapes and lesser symbolic visions.

On one side hang horizontal, cinemascopic pictures whose content, except for brief insertions of an identifiable shape (tree, sheep, man), is basically an expressive abstraction of an extended landscape, incorporating punchy drawing with a broad painterly style. On the other side hang several narrative canvases whose subjects are stated in a cryptic manner. The latter are disjointed; subject and art do not seem to mix.

Between the two poles sits an expressionist canvas based on Jean-Francois Millet's "Seated Shepherdess." Unless Kadishman is attempting to lure the viewer into a dialogue based on a theme of social equality or a desire to retire the individual back to nature, it would seem that Millet's theme is misplaced. Millet's peasant, resolute and individualistic, is equipped with a sense of justice and morality. Kadishman's painting (one of a series) is a wild and woolly colour feast using Millet as an armature, stripped of the implied social passion. What it does indicate, however, is Kadishman's abandoning a set system of total absorption in one image (sheep) and his reaching out to new horizons. Kadishman also seems to be placing more emphasis on integrated composition, one that blends several elements without saluting that one idyllic image.

On the wall opposite his Millet, Kadishman shows one of his expansive horizontal compositions, a picture designed in three distinct sections. The outside panels are hotly coloured in reds and yellows and actively drawn (destructive figures of animals and people). The centre section, acting as a buffer zone, is totally abstract colour, a lazy brushing of blues, whites and pinks. Kadishman's paint generally combines high German Expressionism, post-war Modernism and today's New Realism. But Kadishman also grasps at his local roots, slipping in lyrical New Horizons tints of pink, mauve and cool blue-grey. These colours flicker in and out of the surface as rich underpainting or float gently on the foreground as delicate overtones.

In what is basically intuitive painting, Kadishman's colour is both succulent and abrasive. The "physicality" of his touch is ever present as pigment swings across the surface with the gusto of a cautionless hand. To control the force of pure, complementary hues, Kadishman uses strong contours for drawing "real" objects, linear interludes that seem to settle the compositions into place: vibrating fields are held in check by rendered objects.

These paintings, which run from good to mediocre, make it difficult to understand what Kadishman is after. He is an inventive sculptor, a questionable conceptualist, an avowed painter. Will the real Kadishman please stand up? (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv.) Till Oct. 5.

JACQUES GRINBERG'S gouache drawings are spontaneous, lucid and accomplished. With a range of limited colours and using black as the descriptive key, Grinberg creates dynamic images of animal and human heads, skull formations and facial details. Although the work is constructed via a linear method a sense of volume is apparent. The life quality of his subjects are transformed into mechanical, almost architectonic, parts as one takes note that a variation on the cubist influence is still very much alive after all.

Superimposing black grids upon colour grids, Grinberg uses the white of the paper to create a low relief effect, one that transposes negative and positive shapes into a sturdy "sculptural" image. Almost carved, Grinberg's subjects are close to mythological beings (statuary) or masked theatrical characters, "stolen" as it were from Leger's proletarian ballet designs and Heil's geometric abstractions. Neither beautiful nor elegant, ugly nor passive, his gouaches project a definitive presence, a forthright statement.

Born in 1941, Grinberg studied at the Avni Institute with Mokady, Streichman and Stematsky. In 1962 he moved to Paris and was a founder of the "Nouvelle Figuration" group. This is his first one-man show in Israel. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel Aviv.) Till Sept. 26.

After several months of showing new figurative painting and an expressionist potpourri, this gallery returns to a familiar theme: the basic installation. Yaakov Hefetz's trio of assembled sculptures are made of corten steel (rusted), raw tree boughs and huge chunks of stone (unhewn). The relationship of object to subject and object to message becomes pure conjecture on the viewer's part, but possible associative messages are: altar and land (political), temple and sacrifice (society), implement and land (idealism). To judge Hefetz's constructions as pure works of art, as studies in the relationships between materials and textures with a nod to size, surface patina and proportion, would reduce both their effectiveness and *raison d'être* to zero level. (Kibbutz Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv.) Till Sept. 25.

"THEN AND NOW," a two gallery exhibit honouring Tel Aviv's 75th birthday, is an obvious affair. "Then," represented by such notables in Israeli art history as Gutman, Zaritsky, Abramowitz, Lubin, Stematsky, Tagger, Kossinogi *et al.*, indicates works that turn outwards, proudly stating the soft intimacy and idealistic nature of early Tel Aviv, the *Shtetl* on the Med. "Now," verifying the country's image, led by Gershuni, Cohen-Gan, Tumarkin, Lavi and others, is politically oriented, intellectually conceived and tinged with the international style. Sustained originality didn't exist "then" either, as artists borrowed knowledge from their European backgrounds and from each other. Times change and so do artistic attitudes. "Then" is not better than "Now." Both merely reflect different times. It is to our cultural credit that "Then" could never have been "Now" and "Now" could never have been "Then." (Mabat Gallery, "Now", Gordon 31; Givon Gallery, "Then", Gordon 35, Tel Aviv.)



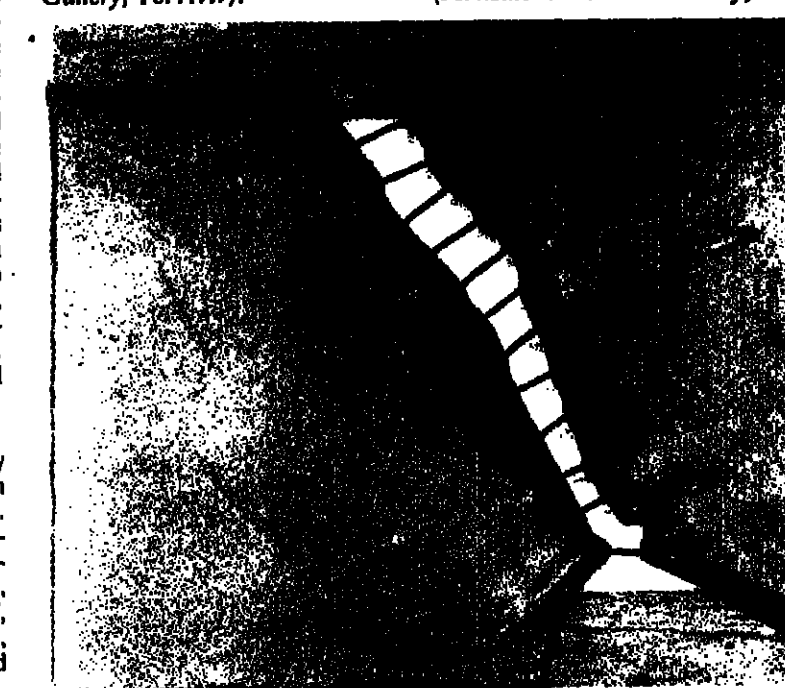
Menashe Kadishman with "Seated Shepherdess" (Julie M, Tel Aviv).



Jacques Grinberg: gouache (Dvir Gallery, Tel Aviv).



David Van-Gur: Sankai Juku (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery).



Mara Ben Dov: "Suture" leather, wood (Artists' House, Haifa).



Jane Fairly: pen drawing (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery).

Round the galleries

JANE FAIRLY (b. England, 1958), self-taught, makes her debut here with pen and ink and mixed-media drawings, some of them quite large, that fall somewhere between Beardsley, Vogue fashion plates of the Twenties and Japanese illustrations of Kabuki actors. The latter make the strongest impression and are evidence of a good sense of design. They owe much of their power to their artistic source however.

At the same venue, David Van-Gur (b. Odessa, 1955) a self-taught photographer who came here in 1973 and who recently did a stint as a newspaper photographer in South Africa, makes a debut devoted to studies of the Japanese Sankai Juku Dance Company, who performed here during the Israel Festival. He makes the most of this marvellous subject matter, catching their chief characteristic, a form of living sculpture. Van-Gur adapts himself to on- and off-stage conditions, planning works in depth as well as in two dimensions against solid black backgrounds. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery For New Artists.) Till Oct. 2.

NEARBY in the same foyer is a show of works on paper by two Italian artists entitled "Saturnalia," under the auspices of the Italian Cultural Institute. Emanuele Parato shows a number of blurred photographs of a nude couple horsing around, attached in each case to a torn collage and surmounted by a letter of the Hebrew alphabet. At first I thought that the *pek* might stand for porn, but I couldn't get any further with the rest of the alphabet. Nunzio Pascarella shows architectural-motif prints and a double litho lifted from a painting of a figure group by Botero. Here too, I failed to detect any artistic point. (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer.)

MEIR RONNEN

BOTH VETERAN artists and others participate in a show of 27 newly-elected members of the Israel Artists' Association in Haifa and the North. A striking composition by Mara Ben Dov from Ein Hod, "Suture," is made of diagonally cut, thick, dark-brown leather pieces, sewn together loosely with leather thongs and fixed to a partially uncovered, weathered wooden frame. The work conveys an elemental natural force, akin in impact to that of a tribal mask. Among the talented female sculptors in the exhibition is Kati Paldi, showing "Love," a rhythmic polished marble piece; and Naomi Markel, with a tense bronze sculpture called "Opening." Russian-educated Alexander Putov exhibits two of his old oils: a landscape, strongly influenced by Gauguin, and the expressionistic "Figure," thickly painted in earth-colours. Both pictures, although very different in style and handling, communicate the same overwhelming emotion of panic. Maureen Rosen shows promising graphics. A colourful naive painting by Moshe Schindler depicts "Tailors at Work," recalling the lost world of a Galician *shtetl*. (Artists' House, Haifa.) Till September 19.

EDITH VARGA-BIRO

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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: The Armond Hammer Collection: Five Centuries of Masterpieces: outstanding European and American, 16th-20th century paintings and drawings, incl. works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Michelangelo, Raphael, Goya, Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Picasso. Music - children's work, activity corner. Scripts - creating home theatre sets and greetings cards, 12 pages from the Cairo Geniza. Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archeology.

Rockefeller Museum: The Other Side of the River - Ancient Egyptian funerary objects.

Ticho House: works by Anna Ticho, hanukkiot, library, garden cafe.

Museum hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur., 10-5. Tue., 4-10. Fri., Sat., 10-2.

Old Yishuv Court Museum. Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century.

World War II, 6 Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter

Old City. Sun.-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum of Jewish Art. Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Exhibition of works in Judaica by the gold and silversmithing Dept. of Bezalel Academy and Modern Parochut by Alexandra Zaid, Judith Green, Hanna Argand, Yael Berger and works by Yoram Rabinan, Hava Bohm, Kopel Gurwin, Hanna and Shlomo Rosen and Rachel Schmuel.

Galleries

Galerie Vison Nouvelle, Khatzot Hayotzer. Y.S. Haniache. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-819864, 28031.

Yakov Greenfield Gallery. Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for connoisseurs of modern art. Sun.-Thurs. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m., Fri. till 1 p.m. Khatzot Hayotzer, opp. Jaffa Gate, Tel. 02-282077.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUM

Tel Aviv Museum. Exhibitions: Art of Sardinia to the End of the Nineteenth Period, opens Tue., 7:30 p.m. The Zone - Esayas Balle's photographs of neo-nazi street gangs. Nahum Gutman, painter and book illustrations. Collections: Classical 17th and 18th century painting; Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Century Art, Selection of Israeli Art; Twentieth and Thirties in Israeli Art; Special Loans incl. Paintings by Monet, Morisot, Pisarro, Bonnard, Abanico, Rothko, Goussier, Matisse. Hours: Sun.-Thur. 10-10; Sat. 10-2; 7-10; Fri. closed. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. Dennis Oppenheim: Factories. Fireworks 1979-81, machine-like assemblages.

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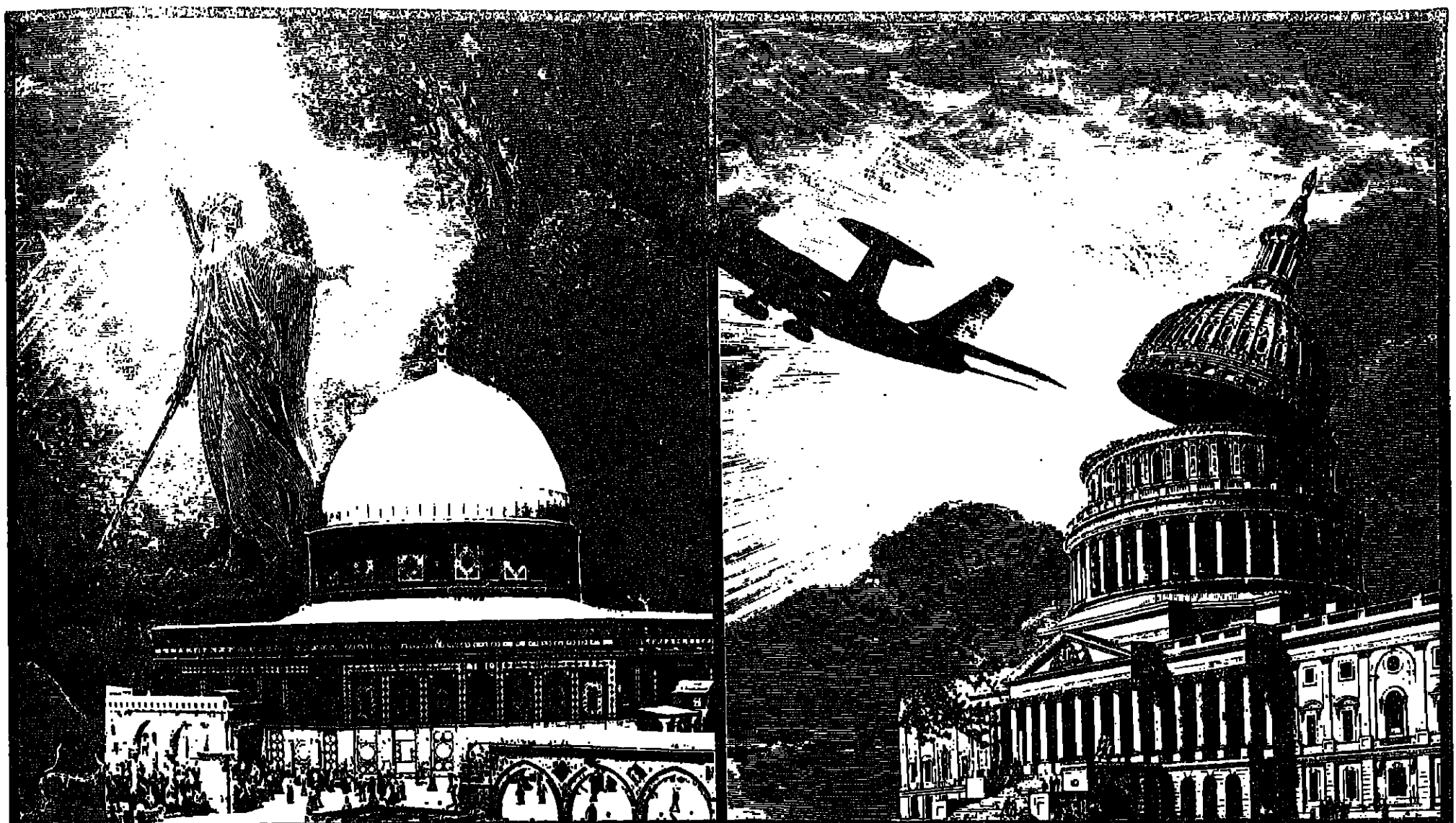
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Fundamentally flawed

Some of the American fundamentalist 'Christian Zionists' want Israel to get rid of the mosques and rebuild the Temple, to pave the way for the Messiah. SOL STERN casts doubt on the value of their support, pointing out that their representatives in Congress are obdurately anti-Israel. He is astonished that sophisticated Jewish intellectuals have abandoned liberalism for a dubious alliance with the right.

JIMMY SWAGGART is one of the superstars of the Christian fundamentalist movement in the United States. He's a charismatic, Pentecostal preacher whose weekly TV sermons are seen by millions of Americans and millions more in 33 foreign countries. Every Sunday he pours fire and brimstone on all who have not read the gospels in exactly the prescribed manner. Among those he's relegated to hell is that well-known Catholic sinner, Mother Teresa.

The Jews, too, are sometimes noted for their failure to see the light. One Sunday night last October Swaggart held up pictures from Auschwitz and other Nazi death camps as visual aids illustrating his sermon's message that an awful fate awaits those who do not accept Jesus as Messiah. When Rabbi Howard Singer of the Anti-Defamation League wrote Swaggart protesting this use of the Holocaust to perpetuate the historic Christian teaching that the persecution of the Jews was God's punishment for their failure to embrace Jesus, Swaggart replied that he had been misunderstood. He had not meant to say that God was punishing the Jews - merely that when a person does not accept Jesus Christ he takes himself away

from God's protection. He then places himself under Satan's dominion, who kills, steals, and destroys.

Swaggart reassured the rabbi that there was no people on the face of the earth he loved more than the Jews.

HOW CAN a minister at one and the same time proclaim his love for the Jews, yet condemn them to "Satan's domain"? The answer lies in the modern miracle of Israel, which to the fundamentalists provides earthly fulfilment of both Old and New Testament prophecy, and gives the Jews a second chance at grace.

Christians attest that Jesus died for all humanity. Now, fundamentalist preachers like Swaggart believe that the Jews must shed their blood to bring him back again. The excitement about Israel currently being whipped up in the fundamentalist community is due to the message that the day of redemption is at hand and will commence with violent events in the Middle East.

Readers of Reverend Swaggart's glossy monthly magazine, *The Evangelist*, are offered ecstatic articles on Israel and its heroic people, along with the most definitive predictions about the approaching wars

and tribulations which will test God's chosen in their homeland.

In Swaggart's scenario the Antichrist is about to make his appearance in the Middle East and fool the people of Israel into believing that he is the Messiah ("he will probably be a Syrian Jew..."), the Temple of Solomon will be rebuilt by the Jews, Jerusalem will be destroyed again, then the battle of Armageddon will begin. Although two-thirds of the people of Israel will be lost in a veritable second Holocaust, God will intervene at the last moment to save the remnant and restore them to their land. It's guaranteed.

Swaggart has one other prediction: "Israel's future will climax (or really begin) with Jesus being accepted as their Messiah, and with them spreading his gospel throughout the world."

ALTHOUGH individual fundamentalist preachers may differ about the exact chronology, there is general agreement that at the end of the script the Jewish people will surely see the light.

As Jerry Falwell has said: "When Christ returns in glory He will deliver the Jews from their Gentile enemies. As a result, the Jews individually, and as a nation, will acknowledge Christ as their Messiah."

Many of these preachers now call themselves, "Christian Zionists." But theirs is a Zionism with a difference. To the mainly secular Jews who founded it, Zionism was an escape from Christian anti-Semitism and a means of achieving normalcy as a nation. To Christian fundamentalists, however, Zionism's success in creating a state for the Jews is merely proof that the Christian Messiah is about to return. It is indeed a strange Zionism which leads to the mass conversion of the Jews.

Not nearly as strange, though, as the fact that some elements of the Jewish community, in the U.S. and in Israel, now favour breaking bread with fundamentalists like Swaggart and Falwell in the name of Jewish "survival."

WRITING IN THE JULY issue of *Commentary*, Irving Kristol announced the rise of the fundamentalists as the provident new factor in American politics for Jewish interests. To Kristol, this development, when weighed with the negative factor of Jesse Jackson, ought finally to propel American Jews away from liberalism and the Democratic Party and toward their logical allies on the right.

Interestingly, it's not Jackson's

anti-Semitic statements that Kristol calls to the attention of Jews, but Jackson's foreign policy views, which are described as "pro-Third World and anti-American, pro-PLO and anti-Israel."

More significantly, Jackson's positions will soon become "the quasi-official foreign policy of the black community," according to Kristol, and thus "the long alliance" between blacks and Jews must come to an end. Kristol also sees inevitable erosion of support for Israel among most crucial components of the Liberal coalition.

Jews shouldn't fret, though, because there's a handy alternative to this unravelling alliance. It's the Moral Majority - the fundamentalists, who are unashamedly and uncomplicatingly "pro-Israel."

Of course, these fundamentalists speak in a language that still sounds odd to the Jews, and sometimes one of their ministers may say something like "God doesn't hear the prayers of the Jews." But, Kristol assures us, these are insignificant, "theological abstractions" when set beside the fact that fundamentalist political support could one day be "decisive for the very existence of the Jewish State."

Political expediency alone, says Kristol, dictates that Jews should reverse

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some of their thinking about issues such as school prayer, church and state, and abortion, and reach out to their putative new allies. But Jews should in any event be re-examining their traditional positions on these social issues because we are in a "new era" in which "religious identity will become increasingly important."

KRISTOL AND OTHER neoconservative intellectuals have, of course, been wooing the Jews for the Republicans throughout the past decade with the argument that the Democratic Party's liberal wing and the minorities undermine Israel's security because of their opposition to military interventionism and a strong U.S. defence.

Those simplicities are still there. What's new in the 1984 version of the siren song is the refrain about the unstintingly pro-Israel fundamentalists.

Kristol's case, however, is built on incantation, not evidence. He keeps repeating that the Moral Majority and the fundamentalists are "pro-Israel" without providing any details about how these people have advanced Israel's interests in the political arena in the U.S. The details are hard to come by, because when fundamentalists do get involved in electoral politics they usually elect politicians who are as reluctant to support aid to Israel as they are to provide lunches for poor schoolchildren.

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To say that the three were pro-Arab would be an understatement - they were virtually in thrall to Libyan dictator, Muammar Gaddafi. In the late 1970s, with petrodollar influence at its height in this country, Libyan officials assiduously courted Idaho's politicians, and the three Idaho Republicans eagerly responded. They took junkets to Libya and then interceded with the State Department on matters of commercial and military interest to the Libyans. They lobbied for the release of eight C-130 cargo planes that the Libyans had purchased in the U.S.



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Helms was also outraged by Israel's invasion of Lebanon, and proposed the following remedy in an interview with *The Washington Post*: "Shut down relations. Now I know that will send a shudder to that lobby that's so powerful in this day. But just shut off relations."

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Begin was the first Israeli leader to reach out to the fundamentalists. In 1980 he ignored the protests of liberal American Jews and bestowed the Jabotinsky medal on Jerry Falwell. Begin supporters in the U.S. took this as a cue to intensify contacts with the fundamentalists.

Fundamentalist militance, which seemingly knows no limits, was very much on display this year at the "National Prayer Breakfast in Honour of Israel" - a major gathering at the annual Convention of Religious Broadcasters. Herbert Ellingwood, representing President Reagan, and Meir Rosenne, Israel's ambassador to the U.S., and over 600 fundamentalist broadcasters - including such luminaries as Falwell and Swaggart - prayed for the biblical "peace of Jerusalem."

But the proclamation of the breakfast organizers presented to Ambassador Rosenne hardly promoted the prospects of peace in the Middle East, since it called for the Arabs to accept the legitimacy of an enormously inflated Israel defined by "scripturally delineated boundaries." Moreover, according to the proclamation, these boundaries should "never be compromised by the shifting sands of political and economic expediency."

Even Menachem Begin or Yitzhak Shamir might recoil from such a territorial bonanza. They would be quite satisfied with the territory from the Jordan River to the sea. But Terry Risenhoover, the chairman of the breakfast committee, being a literalist, will have none of that.

Risenhoover and other fundamentalists have stated that Israel's true boundaries include not only both sides of the Jordan but goodly chunks of Egypt, Lebanon, and Syria (including Damascus) as well. It was promised in Deuteronomy, and a promise is a promise, whether the Israeli government likes it or not.

RISENHOOVER IS an oil and gas millionaire who has put his money to work promoting many fundamentalist causes. Closest to his heart, however, is the rebuilding of the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem. Risenhoover's reading of the Scriptures convinces him that the government of Israel is remiss on this issue.

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The situation calls to mind the story of the man in the bar who goads his friend into taking on the three local bullies, and then announces that he will hold his coat. The fundamentalists are the coat holders of the Arab-Israeli conflict. It thrills them to see the Jews of Israel as shock troops for Christ, leading the charge in the battle of Armageddon.

That millions of fundamentalist Christians find religious solace in this violent Middle East-centred vision is their business. It is also their right to keep telling the Jews that they will ultimately convert to the Christian Messiah.

What is absolutely astonishing, however, is that Jewish intellectuals who are widely regarded as politically sophisticated believe that an alliance with the preachers of Armageddon would be good for Israel or for the future of the Jewish people.

In his *Commentary* essay, Irving Kristol asked rhetorically whether Jews who still believed in an alliance with American liberalism had "taken leave of their senses." He answered the question charitably, by attributing it to the fact that the thinking of these naive Jews was "beclouded by anachronistic propensities about the world we live in."

One would like to be as charitable to Kristol, but that's not possible. Anyone who can seriously argue that politicians like Edward Kennedy, or the late Frank Church, or Geraldine Ferraro, or William Grey, the black congressman from Philadelphia, are committed to a politics that must lead to the abandonment of Israel - while contending that the people who gave us Steve Symms and Jesse Helms, and provide moral and financial support to anti-government extremists in Israel, are good for the Jews - has indeed taken leave of his senses.

Reprinted from "The Village Voice," New York.

EVER SINCE the unfortunate affair of Cain and Abel, crime and punishment have drawn a wide audience. But no common-or-garden killing will do. For connoisseurs of the genre, it is hard to beat the appeal of the classic English murder.

Its golden age has long since gone, and it is difficult now to recreate the atmosphere of the period when it flourished, roughly between 1850 and 1940. Contemporary interest was very high. The newspapers, then at the height of their influence, vied with each other to provide the most lurid and sensational accounts of the proceedings. The atmosphere of the court was often affected by spectators supporting the defendant. One case in 1907, involving the alleged murder of a prostitute by an obscure engraver called Robert Wood, aroused such public passion that, on the day of the jury's verdict, the streets around the Old Bailey were choked by the waiting crowd. Theatrical performances in the West End were interrupted to give news of the accused's acquittal, and an angry mob lurked in wait for the chief prosecution witness.

Such interest seems morbid today. Then the hangman's noose awaited the guilty man, and this unquestionably added spice to the trial. Hundreds of people would gather outside a prison where execution was to take place simply for the pleasure of reading the official notice announcing the culprit's death.

Another factor in whetting the public's appetite was the spectacle of murder among the respectable classes, and the tales of what used to be called "guilty passion" that the investigation revealed. Good examples included in this book are the trials of Madeleine Smith for the poisoning of her lover, and of Dr. Crippen for murdering an unloved wife in order to support his mistress Ethel El Neve. Even when Victorian morality held sway, society turned a blind eye to extra-marital affairs, if conducted with discretion. Murder was scarcely an inevitable or even likely outcome of such social entanglements. And many classic cases involved people of no real position in life.

THE CONTINUING appeal of the English murder is mainly due to other factors. One of the most significant is that murder is very rare in England, and regarded as a peculiarly shocking crime. Englishmen are fascinated by what makes someone commit murder because it seems so



Albert DeSalvo, the Boston strangler, from "Encyclopedia of Modern Murder 1962-82" by Colin Wilson and Donald Seaman (Arthur Barker, £9.95). There have been more homicides in the last two decades than in the previous 50 years, and Wilson draws some conclusions.

Gruesome classics

FAMOUS TRIALS edited by Harry Hodge and James H. Hodge, and selected by John Mortimer, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 376 pp. £3.50.

Ralph Amelan

unimaginable to them, and many of the accounts in this book devote themselves to answering this question. Also to be taken into account is the fascination of following the detection of the murderer step-by-step, the inherent drama of the courtroom, and the theme of justice denied.

This last factor lies behind one of the most fascinating stories included in this book, the tale of Oscar Slater. He was a Jew who served 19 years in prison for a murder he never committed. Play was made at his trial of his alien origins. He owed his freedom in part to a vigorous public campaign waged by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes. His efforts were ultimately crowned with success, and Slater's conviction was quashed - a real life instance of Holmes coming to the rescue. British justice, however, did not come out of the affair well. At the trial the prosecution withheld from the defence evidence helpful to Slater, and malicious charges were made against a journalist and detec-

tive who had the temerity to question the official verdict.

This account is one of a number selected from the old Penguin Famous Trials series by John Mortimer, the barrister and creator of Rumpole of the Bailey. His choice gives one a more or less representative sample of the English murder, though it includes also the trial of William Joyce, better known as Lord Haw-Haw, for treason. Incidentally, this also is an instance of a dubious conviction. Joyce was found to be a British citizen, and therefore capable of committing treason against Britain, purely on the basis of his fraudulent application for a British passport. The case is widely regarded today as an example of bending the law to ensure a conviction, the reverse of a court's usual attitude.

EVEN IN these pages humour creeps in. What after all could be more English than a solicitor in a quiet country town inviting another lawyer from across the street for a nice cup of tea? What could be less English than the persistent refusal of the second lawyer to take up this charming offer, repeated over and over again? What was most un-English of all was the motive for the invitations - the poisoning of a hated rival by means of arsenic in the Earl Grey and the buttered scones. The

invitee fortunately suspected this, since he also believed, rightly as it happened, that his would-be host had disposed of his wife in the same way. The brief reign of the Borgias was brought to a conclusion by the arrest and conviction of Herbert Rowse Armstrong, the desecrator of the English "cuppa." Just in time, too, as the other solicitor was beginning to run out of polite excuses.

The accounts of these cases, which usually go far beyond the actual trial, vary in quality. The story of George Smith, the Brides of the Bath killer, is told with a ringing Victorian relish, a style now out of favour. Phrases such as "the gratification of his strong animal propensities," and "most atrocious English criminal," abound. In fairness, though, to Eric R. Watson, who wrote the account, Smith is the most unsympathetic villain imaginable. He preyed on lonely spinsters with a small income, married them, arranged their affairs so as to benefit from their deaths, and then drowned them in the bath within weeks of the wedding day.

My favourite from this selection is Basil Hoggart's treatment of the Robert Wood case, mentioned above. He takes the reader through the murder, the painstaking police investigation, Wood's arrest, the brilliant defence put together by one of England's finest advocates, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, and the triumphant acquittal. He then provides a sting in the tail by analysing the defence, and reducing it to rubble. He leaves the reader with the feeling that Wood was a little fortunate in his verdict.

It is rare now for trials to attract this sort of interest, and perhaps it is just as well. Nobody would want to go back to a time when the mob laid in wait to lynch luckless witnesses, or when crowds drooled at the thought of the noose. But perhaps the English murder has acquired a new appeal: that of nostalgia. It offers a window on a diverse society long since gone, a society that ruled a quarter of the globe. Time has partly effaced the seamy side of the British Empire - such institutions as the Raj are now seen through a roseate haze. And even the crimes that come to life in these pages seem somehow robbed of the shock and disgust they once evoked. The modern reader is transported back to a different world, one which he obscurely feels had certain qualities lacking today. Whether he is right or wrong, I think the English murder still has a lot of life left in it.

Unclean fun

GREAT BORDELLOS OF THE WORLD: An Illustrated History by Emmet Murphy, London, Quartet, 254 pp. £15.

Meir Rommen

HOW TO make a coffee table book out of a history of the Oldest Profession? This handsome production is a remarkable piece of sleight-of-hand - or perhaps of eye. It is profusely illustrated with paintings and woodcuts by artists dead long before the rise of copyright laws; and familiar to readers or thumbers-through of other recent books about art and Eros. Most of the illustrations, however, are not really pertinent: they are classics by such names as Manet, Ingres, Delacroix, and Toulouse-Lautrec. The few overly erotic Oriental and antique pieces are presented, of course, as respectable historical curiosities.

The survey is in somewhat livelier vein than the usual unctuous coffee table production; it might be termed light. It kicks off with Joshua and Rahab, and ends with Hamburg's Eros Centre and New York's Plato's Retreat. In between, we are treated to a pop history, but a surprisingly comprehensive one, of bought sex in Roman, Moslem, Indian, Japanese and other societies, notably France, England and America.

MURPHY MAKES most of it sound like good clean fun. The few photographs tell the real story. The touch of romance or Eros lent them by the artist is entirely absent. Instead, we have hideous madams (some of them Jewish); sad, usually unattractive girls; and even sadder Johns.

Successful prostitution has always been based on an illusion of pleasure: willing women acting as though they enjoy it; and luxurious surroundings, colourful stage settings supplemented with good food and drink. Drink and drugs are part of the illusion, too. The more famous of the luxury illusionists are well described here.

But most bordels were desperately sad establishments. Deviants aside, sex without affection, much less love, must be one of life's greatest disappointments. It is a measure of the desperation of the human condition that men keep coming back for more.

On the rails

CROSSOVER by Wayne Karlin. New York, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 224 pp. \$13.95.

MOSSAD AGENTS Josef Ascher and Hanita Kahan are assigned to protect a train carrying Russian Jews to Vienna and freedom. PLO agent Nasir Razak, with Soviet assistance, intends to hijack the train when it crosses from Czechoslovakia into Austria, and to hold the passengers - especially Yitzhak Abramov, a leading Soviet scientist and dissident - for ransom.

What set this notable first novel apart from similar thrillers is an intensity of feeling, and a sensitivity to moral issues, worthy of Graham Greene, John Le Carré and Eric Ambler.

Crossover is more than a promising first effort, it takes its place at the head of the list. Highly recommended.

Moshe Sapershein

Blindingly obvious

FAMILIES AND HOW TO SURVIVE THEM by Robin Skynner and John Cleese. Cartoons by Bud Hundelstein. London, Methuen, 302 pp. £8.95.

Aviva Even-Paz

and Cleese take us on a guided tour of all the stages of a child's development - attachment to mum, learning to get away from mum, mum giving up child, mum "returning" to dad, the onset of sex (like measles) - until full independence (if the child has luck) is reached. It is hard to imagine that anyone who reads this book today will not be conversant with these clichés of psychology. Yet this is a sample of Skynner-Cleese wit and wisdom (the whole book is in dialogue form).

Robin: Well, we all need to have

consistent reliable love and care when we're children. The mother usually plays the most important part in this when we're very young of course.

John: And what do we learn from that?

Robin: Well, if our mothers haven't been able to care for us properly, we haven't learned to take care of others.

John: Really?

What is known as a flash of the blindingly obvious!

I HAD better desist, I suppose, from analysing or criticizing the psychological theories on which this book is based, as I'm not a psychologist. However, when ideas are presented at such a simplistic, not to say bathetic level, it is hard to take either them or their presenters seriously.

Life is real, life is earnest. It is also

tragic. Reading this book you wouldn't think so. The mechanistic, press-button-A-and-the-right-answer-will-come-out attitude to life is the real philosophy behind it. Nowadays people talk and write about "my marriage" as they might about "my three-piece lounge suite." Marriage is part of the furniture of their lives, and furniture, as we all know, can be changed and even thrown away. The book also suggests pop-music lyrics with their eternal self-pity and pseudo-profundity which have been given respectable status by people who should know better. The burden of the song is that we can't help what we are, our fates have been determined by previous generations, right back to Adam and Eve.

I suspect that the whole enterprise is just another aspect of show-business (John Cleese tells all). It is relieved, however, by the cartoons of Hundelstein, a Punch stalwart, which contain the wit, irony and detachment so conspicuously lacking in the rest of this dubious enterprise.

some of their thinking about issues such as school prayer, church and state, and abortion, and reach out to their putative new allies. But Jews should in any event be re-examining their traditional positions on these social issues because we are in a "new era" in which "religious identity" will become increasingly important.

KRISTOL AND OTHER neoconservative intellectuals have, of course, been wooing the Jews for the Republicans throughout the past decade with the argument that the Democratic Party's liberal wing and the minorities undermine Israel's security because of their opposition to military interventionism and a strong U.S. defence.

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IF ANY OF THE Jewish zealots had been successful in blowing up one of the Moslem shrines and a bloody religious war had ensued, the Temple Mount Foundation would surely have been heralding this as a sign from the heavens that glorious times were at hand. Naturally, they would have been rooting for the Jews, not the Moslems - but entirely from afar. And more than likely their good right-wing friends in the Congress would still be lobbying against arms shipments to the Jews doing the fighting. They praise the lord, but won't pass the annihilation.

The situation calls to mind the story of the man in the bar who goads his friend into taking on the three local bullies, and then announces that he will hold his coat. The fundamentalists are the coat holders of the Arab-Israeli conflict. It thrills them to see the Jews of Israel as shock troops for Christ, leading the charge in the battle of Armageddon.

That millions of fundamentalist Christians find religious solace in this violent Middle East-centred vision is their business. It is also their right to keep telling the Jews that they will ultimately convert to the Christian Messiah.

What is absolutely astonishing, however, is that Jewish intellectuals who are widely regarded as politically sophisticated believe that an alliance with the preachers of Armageddon would be good for Israel or for the future of the Jewish people.

In his *Commentary* essay, Irving Kristol asked rhetorically whether Jews who still believed in an alliance with American liberalism had "taken leave of their senses." He answered the question charitably, by attributing it to the fact that the thinking of these naive Jews was "beclouded by anachronistic propositions about the world we live in."

One would like to be as charitable to Kristol, but that's not possible. Anyone who can seriously argue that politicians like Edward Kennedy, or the late Frank Church, or Geraldine Ferraro, or William Grey, the black congressman from Philadelphia, are committed to a politics that must lead to the abandonment of Israel - while contending that the people who gave us Steve Symms and Jesse Helms, and provide moral and financial support to anti-government extremists in Israel, are good for the Jews - has indeed taken leave of his senses.

Reprinted from "The Village Voice," New York.

EVER SINCE the unfortunate affair of Cain and Abel, crime and punishment have drawn a wide audience. But no common-or-garden killing will do. For connoisseurs of the genre, it is hard to beat the appeal of the classic English murder.

Its golden age has long since gone, and it is difficult now to recreate the atmosphere of the period when it flourished, roughly between 1850 and 1940. Contemporary interest was very high. The newspapers, then at the height of their influence, vied with each other to provide the most lurid and sensational accounts of the proceedings. The atmosphere of the court was often affected by spectacles supporting the defendant. One case in 1907, involving the alleged murder of a prostitute by an obscure engraver called Robert Wood, aroused such public passion that, on the day of the jury's verdict, the streets around the Old Bailey were interrupted to give news of the accused's acquittal, and an angry mob linked in wait for the chief prosecution witness.

Such interest seems morbid today. Then the hangman's noose awaited the guilty man, and this unquestionably added spice to the trial. Hundreds of people would gather outside a prison where execution was to take place simply for the pleasure of reading the official notice announcing the culprit's death.

Another factor in whetting the public's appetite was the spectacle of murder among the respectable classes, and the tales of what used to be called "guilty passion" that the investigation revealed. Good examples included in this book are the trials of Madeleine Smith for the poisoning of her lover, and of Dr. Crippen for murdering an unloved wife in order to support his mistress Ethel Le Neve. Even when Victorian morality held sway, society turned a blind eye to extra-marital affairs, if conducted with discretion. Murder was scarcely an inevitable or even likely outcome of such social entanglements. And many classic cases involved people of no real position in life.

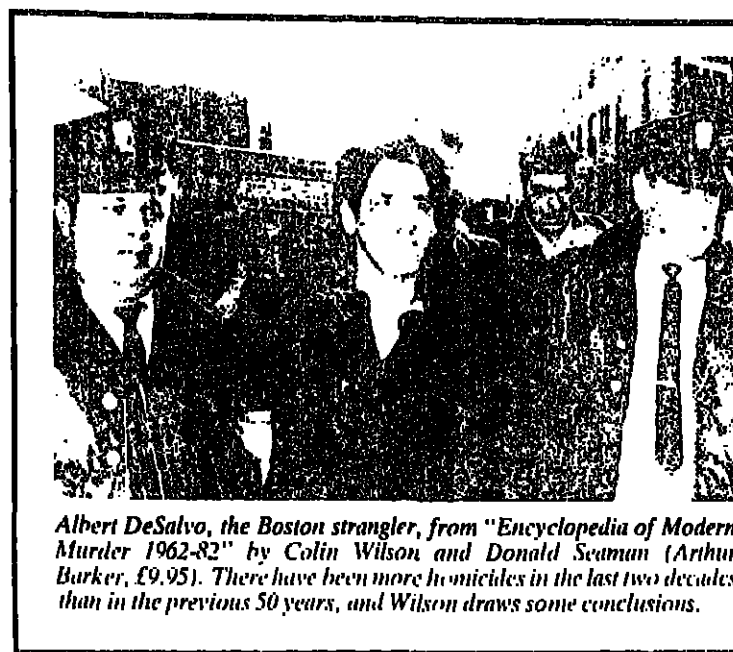
THE CONTINUING appeal of the English murder is mainly due to other factors. One of the most significant is that murder is very rare in England, and regarded as a peculiarly shocking crime. Englishmen are fascinated by what makes someone commit murder because it seems so

THIS IS NOT the book you've been waiting for. In spite of its promising title, and the fact that it is co-authored by the ineffable Basil Fawlty (John Cleese) of the late lamented *Fawlty Towers*, it is one of the wettest pop-psych books I have ever read.

There is a present-day school of thought permeated by the questionable belief that if we all sat down together, and had a nice chat, and were ever so sympathetic to each other, it would all come out right in the end.

Cleese and Skynner (a psychologist specializing in group therapy) clarify for us nitwits why people fare badly as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers and lovers. Skynner asserts that opposites do not attract. It isn't (as one might have been forgiven for thinking) looks, intellect, money, character or just plain lust that makes us pair off. Rather, "Someone who's had trouble coping with a certain stage in his development will be attracted to a person who's also had trouble at that stage."

For 300 tedious pages, Skynner



Albert DeSalvo, the Boston strangler, from "Encyclopedia of Modern Murder 1962-82" by Colin Wilson and Donald Seaman (Arthur Barker, £9.95). There have been more homicides in the last two decades than in the previous 50 years, and Wilson draws some conclusions.

Gruesome classics

FAMOUS TRIALS edited by Harry Hodge and James H. Hodge, and selected by John Mortimer. Harmondsworth, Penguin, 376 pp. £3.50.

Ralph Amelan

unimaginable to them, and many of the accounts in this book devote themselves to answering this question. Also to be taken into account is the fascination of following the detection of the murderer step-by-step, the inherent drama of the courtroom, and the theme of justice denied.

This last factor lies behind one of the most fascinating stories included in this book, the tale of Oscar Slater. He was a Jew who served 19 years in prison for a murder he never committed. Play was made at his trial of his alien origins. He owed his freedom in part to a vigorous public campaign waged by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes. His efforts were ultimately crowned with success, and Slater's conviction was quashed - a real life instance of Holmes coming to the rescue. British justice, however, did not come out of the affair well. At the trial the prosecution withheld from the defence evidence helpful to Slater, and malicious charges were made against a journalist and detec-

tive who had the temerity to question the official verdict.

This account is one of a number selected from the old Penguin *Famous Trials* series by John Mortimer, the barrister and creator of Rumpole of the Bailey. His choice gives one a more or less representative sample of the English murder, though it includes also the trial of William Joyce, better known as Lord Haw-Haw, for treason. Incidentally, this also is an instance of a dubious conviction. Joyce was found to be a British citizen, and therefore capable of committing treason against Britain, purely on the basis of his fraudulent application for a British passport. The case is widely regarded today as an example of bending the law to ensure a conviction, the reverse of a court's usual attitude.

EVEN IN these pages humour creeps in. What after all could be more English than a solicitor in a quiet country town inviting another lawyer from across the street for a nice cup of tea? What could be less English than the persistent refusal of the second lawyer to take up this charming offer, repeated over and over again? What was most un-English of all was the motive for the invitations - the poisoning of a hated rival by means of arsenic in the Earl Grey and the buttered scones. The

invitee fortunately suspected this, since he also believed, rightly as it happened, that his would-be host had disposed of his wife in the same way. The brief reign of the Borgias was brought to a conclusion by the arrest and conviction of Herbert Rowse Armstrong, the desecrator of the English "cuppa." Just in time, too, as the other solicitor was beginning to run out of polite excuses.

The accounts of these cases, which usually go far beyond the actual trial, vary in quality. The story of George Smith, the Brides of the Bath killer, is told with a ringing Victorian relish, a style now out of favour. Phrases such as "the gratification of his strong animal propensities," and "most atrocious English criminal," abound. In fairness, though, to Eric R. Watson, who wrote the account, Smith is the most unsympathetic villain imaginable. He preyed on lonely spinsters with a small income, married them, arranged their affairs so as to benefit from their deaths, and then drowned them in the bath within weeks of the wedding day.

My favourite from this selection is Basil Hogarth's treatment of the Robert Wood case, mentioned above. He takes the reader through the murder, the painstaking police investigation, Wood's arrest, the brilliant defence put together by one of England's finest advocates, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, and the triumphant acquittal. He then provides a sting in the tail by analysing the defence, and reducing it to rubble. He leaves the reader with the feeling that Wood was a little fortunate in his verdict.

It is rare now for trials to attract this sort of interest, and perhaps it is just as well. Nobody would want to go back to a time when the mob laid in wait to lynch luckless witnesses, or when crowds drooled at the thought of the noose. But perhaps the English murder has acquired a new appeal: that of nostalgia. It offers a window on a diverse society long since gone, a society that ruled a quarter of the globe. Time has partly effaced the seamier side of the British Empire - such institutions as the Raj are now seen through a roseate haze. And even the crimes that come to life in these pages seem somehow robbed of the shock and disgust they once evoked. The modern reader is transported back to a different world, one which he obscurely feels had certain qualities lacking today. Whether he is right or wrong, I think the English murder still has a lot of life left in it.

Unclean fun

GREAT BORDELLOS OF THE WORLD: An Illustrated History by Emmett Murphy. London, Quartet, 254 pp. £15.

Meir Ronnen

HOW TO make a coffee table book out of a history of the Oldest Profession? This handsome production is a remarkable piece of sleight-of-hand - or perhaps of eye. It is profusely illustrated with paintings and woodcuts by artists dead long before the rise of copyright laws; and familiar to readers or thumbers-through of other recent books about art and Eros. Most of the illustrations, however, are not really prurient: they are classics by such names as Manet, Ingres, Delacroix, and Toulouse-Lautrec. The few overly erotic Oriental and antique pieces are presented, of course, as respectable historical curiosities.

The survey is in somewhat livelier vein than the usual unctuous coffee-table production; it might be termed light. It kicks off with Joshua and Rahab, and ends with Hamburg's Eros Centre and New York's Plato's Retreat. In between, we are treated to a pop history, but a surprisingly comprehensive one, of bought sex in Roman, Moslem, Indian, Japanese and other societies, notably France, England and America.

MURPHY MAKES most of it sound like good clean fun. The few photographs tell the real story. The touch of romance or Eros lent them by the artist is entirely absent. Instead, we have hideous mudrums (some of them Jewish); and, usually unattractive girls; and even sadder jobs.

Successful prostitution has always been based on an illusion of pleasure: willing women acting as though they enjoy it; and luxurious surroundings, colourful stage settings supplemented with good food and drink. Drink and drugs are part of the illusion, too. The more famous of the luxury illusionists are well described here.

But most bordels were desperately sad establishments. Deviants aside, sex without affection, much less love, must be one of life's greatest disappointments. It is a measure of the desperation of the human condition that men keep coming back for more.

On the rails

CROSSOVER by Wayne Karlin. New York, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 224 pp. \$13.95.

MOSSAD AGENTS Josef Ascher and Hanita Kahana are assigned to protect a train carrying Russian Jews to Vienna and freedom. PLO agent Nasir Razzak, with Soviet assistance, intends to hijack the train when it crosses from Czechoslovakia into Austria, and to hold the passengers - especially Yitzhak Abramov, a leading Soviet scientist and dissident - for ransom.

What set this notable first novel apart from similar thrillers is an intensity of feeling, and a sensitivity to moral issues, worthy of Graham Greene, John Le Carré and Eric Ambler.

Crossover is more than a promising first effort, it takes its place at the head of the list. Highly recommended.

Moshe Superspiel

Blindly obvious

FAMILIES AND HOW TO SURVIVE THEM by Robin Skynner and John Cleese. Cartoons by Bud Handelsman. London, Methuen, 302 pp. £8.95.

Aviva Even-Paz

and Cleese take us on a guided tour of all the stages of a child's development - attachment to mum, learning to get away from mum, mum giving up child, mum "returning" to dad, the onset of sex (like measles) - until full independence (if the child has luck) is reached. It is hard to imagine that anyone who reads this book today will not be conversant with these clichés of psychology. Yet this is a sample of Skynner-Cleese wit and wisdom (the whole book is in dialogue form):

Robin: Well, we all need to have consistent reliable love and care when we're children. The mother usually plays the most important part in this when we're very young of course.

John: And what do we learn from that?

Robin: Well, if our mothers haven't been able to care for us properly, we haven't learned to take care of others.

John: Really?

What is known as a flash of the blindingly obvious!

I HAD better desist, I suppose, from analysing or criticizing the psychological theories on which this book is based, as I'm not a psychologist. However, when ideas are presented at such a simplistic, not to say bathetic level, it is hard to take either them or their presenters seriously.

Life is real, life is earnest. It is also

tragic. Reading this book you wouldn't think so. The mechanistic, press-button-A-and-the-right-answer-will-come-out attitude to life is the real philosophy behind it. Nowadays people talk and write about "my marriage" as they might about "my three-piece lounge suite." Marriage is part of the furniture of their lives, and furniture, as we all know, can be changed and even thrown away. The book also suggests pop-music lyrics with their eternal self-pity and pseudo-profundity which have been given respectable status by people who should know better. The burden of the song is that we can't help what we are, our fates have been determined by previous generations, right back to Adam and Eve.

I suspect that the whole enterprise is just another aspect of show-business (John Cleese tells all). It is relieved, however, by the cartoons of Handelsman, a *Punch* stalwart, which contain the wit, irony and detachment so conspicuously lacking in the rest of this dubious enterprise.

Crossover is more than a promising first effort, it takes its place at the head of the list. Highly recommended.

Moshe Superspiel

THESE BOOKS are memorials to mothers written by their children, but there the resemblance ends. The one is a Greek tragedy, harrowing, cruel, and though interesting, strangely missing the mark. The other breathes the temperate air of small-town England between 1914 and 1965 - years which also saw a social revolution, but of a style very different from that of Greece's conflict - and despite its narrow focus it enchants and enlightens. To read them one after the other is to move from the insanity produced by oppression and resultant civil war to the cool sanity of society that has shunned extremism and somehow contrived to muddle through.

Eleni Gatzoyannis, victim of a cruel civil war, died in the noblest cause - the saving of her children's lives. But her only son's record of her life and death may well fail to move its readers; its lack of balance, political insensitivity, and claustrophobic concentration on the village of Lia detract from the epic it could have been.

Gage recalls how he tracked down the Communist judge who presided over the revolutionary tribunal that sentenced his mother to death for organizing her children's escape from the village. The account has caught the imagination of thousands who have read this excerpt of his long book in the literary press. Were this piece of real-life detection the true core of the book, Gage would deserve full marks. But it is not. What Gage - a former investigative journalist with *The New York Times* - seeks to do is to explain "what was the real reason that she was executed." This, perhaps not unnaturally, he cannot face up to.

A simple village woman, Eleni died because she was the "Amerikana" - and Americans were resented in post-war Greece - the wife of a man several years her senior who had settled in America. Their marriage was an arranged match, seized on by her wealthy father, the grasping, hard village miller, during one of Gatzoyannis's brief trips home. Her married life was lived mostly apart from him, but on each visit to Lia he got her pregnant, until finally he produced the longed-for son. Yet even that was not enough to keep him with his family, and back he went to America, leaving them to face the war years alone.

El. i died because her father, Kitso Haidis, was privileged by wealth, and aspired to further glory; he was a royalist at a time and place when to support the monarchy and the established order was to side - in many people's eyes - with the devil of betrayal and oppression. She died because her social status and supposed wealth aroused envy, even if that envy was not fully justified. She died because a web of tradition bound her to a backward village - she was obliged, as the civil war tightened its grip on her village, to respect her husband's wishes, and delay her emigration until she had found her eldest daughter a suitable husband; she had to conserve the money he had sent her to provide the girl with a dowry and thus could not bribe an official to get her the sought-after visas. She died, finally, because simple people, caught in a complex situation where fear rules, are vulnerable to manipulation: their latent jealousies, their half-acknowledged resentments, make them easy prey to threats and demagoguery, until they eventually betray their deepest loyalties.

GAGE'S BOOK opens with the Italian and then the German invasions of Greece in the early stages of World War II. It was the latter attack

A Greek tragedy



ELENI by Nicholas Gage. London, Fontana/Collins. 698 pp. £4.95.

THE RICH MRS. ROBINSON by Winifred Beechey. Oxford, Oxford University Press. 145 pp. £6.95.

Dvorah Getzler

that put to flight the royal family, and this betrayal in turn set the scene for the emergence of, and the growing hostility between, the EDES right-wing guerrilla group and the far larger, more daring ELAS Communist guerrilla force. Gage spares us none of the horrors of the struggle they waged against the Germans, and sometimes against each other. The torture, secret mass executions and starvation are all here in graphic detail. A touching episode relates to the 2,000 Jews of the provincial capital of the area, Yanina, few of whom answered ELAS's call to arms. Believing that they were essential to the prosperity of the area, they trusted the German command's promise that no harm would come to them, and were then trucked away before their neighbours' horrified eyes. Following the Jews' deportation, the Greeks plundered their homes. But Eleni, offered some of the loot, refused it, as did other villagers, for "no good comes to those who rob the dead."

Yet with victory, the ELAS fighters found themselves betrayed by their leaders. They were put down fiercely by the British-backed monarchists: thousands were killed, and many more thousands imprisoned. But ELAS troops in exile decided to fight back, and another round of civil war broke out in the spring of 1946.

Lia, the Gatzoyannis's village in the Mourgana mountains, was in the centre of the storm. Daily the situation became more desperate for the guerrillas, now renamed the Democratic Army of Greece, as they fought the numerically superior National Army, which was equipped and advised by the Americans.

FOR MANY villagers, the final straw was the *Pedonassoma*, the re-cruiting of children to be sent to the Communist-bloc countries to save them from the depredations of civil war. Intended by the Communists as a propaganda ploy against the gov-

ernment, and as a political move that would stiffen resistance to the rightists, the *Pedonassoma* backfired badly: the Greek villagers did not want to part with their children under any circumstances. It was this threat that pushed Eleni into organizing her family's escape from Lia.

Then came the Tito-Stalin split which caught the Greek Communists in the middle just as the government forces were mounting ever fiercer attacks against them, beating them steadily back north. Amid calls for a negotiated settlement from the guerrilla forces and the villagers, the official DAG line grew harder, and reprisals by both the right and left-wing forces against unwilling villagers grew crueler. The horror - families turned against each other, guerrillas disembowelled by rightists, priests shot and buried with their heads above ground by the guerrillas, youngsters recruited by the Communists and made to flout the traditions of Greek modesty (though the DAG permitted no sexual immorality) - persisted until late summer 1949. Eleni was shot just one year before the final battle that routed the Communists.

Gage outlines the facts competently in the historical passages that precede each chapter. But he remains blind to any possibility that the Communists might have had a point. They killed his mother, therefore they were bad men. There is never a word of analysis that might explain why Communism gripped so many Greeks, why the right-wing government could only win back control after World War II by force of arms. Worse, in the painstakingly chronicled events of what went on in Lia throughout this frightening period, there is never an attempt to tell the reader what people felt and thought about the guerrillas in their midst, although by his account Lia had a very solid core of Communists. Simple people are not simple-minded, the issues were surely discussed.

The village also threw up its own Communist leaders, the brothers Prokopi and Spiro Skevis. The two were the sons of one of the poorest families, yet by hook and (mostly peasant) crook their father had had them educated away from the village in a church school. Near the school was a penal colony for suspected Communists. Of the contacts be-

tween the boys and the inmates of the camp, Gage writes: "They succeeded in spreading Communist ideas within the school at Vela, instilling in impressionable boys like the Skevis brothers the determination to build a future Greece free of privilege and favour." When the Skevis brothers began organizing ELAS resistance to the Germans, they turned "to the young and hungry and poor who would die for an idea." This is about the extent of any explanation Gage gives for left-wing sympathies in Greece.

IT WAS by one of the village leftists - among others - that Eleni was finally betrayed. After the success of the escape from the village that she had organized for her own family and another small group, Eleni - who had been absent from the village on the fateful night working on a harvesting detail under guerrilla orders - was taken and tortured by the Communists who could not tolerate this defection from the village. Villagers were called in, and some also tortured, to testify and the story was gradually pieced together.

Stavroula Yakou, the impoverished, unhappily married village beauty, had taken Eleni's charity, but had also built a long score of resentment: Eleni's husband was safe in America, not fighting in the guerrilla army; Eleni had kept one of her daughters from recruitment to the Communist young guard by a trick (she had actually poured boiling water over the child's foot and then burnt off the flesh with a red-hot poker); Eleni had had money to buy her daughter a dowry. "With the Communists promising a new order that would eliminate privilege, Stavroula intended to make up for her bad luck in the past... The old order was going to be overturned and she was determined to be on the winning side."

Yet in public, during the show trial before the entire village, Stavroula and other veteran Communists of Lia kept silent, some even spoke up for Eleni. The consensus was that she had done nothing for which she deserved to die. Was it conscience or fear of village tongues? There is no clear-cut answer.

In the 1970s, Gage tracked down Katis, the judge responsible for Eleni's and four other villagers' execution. But he cannot kill Katis in revenge. He writes that Eleni lived for love, not vengeance. It should move and convince. But it does not. For there are long sections in which Gage dwells on torture and cruelty, not with compassion, but in a manner calculated to manipulate the reader's feelings; and there is glomming satisfaction in his accounts of the often terrible fate that overtook his mother's accusers. His cast of characters is immense, he lovingly reconstructs every smallest detail of life in Lia. But the reader is unlikely to share his love for a frighteningly backward society that strangled talent at birth, that was ruled by rigid and often barbarous custom and superstition.

Small wonder that Greece was plunged into civil war. But Gage seems unaware of the larger tragedies. For him the past is his mother and therefore sacred. But this reviewer is old-fashioned enough to believe that a journalist's sacred responsibility is to get at the truth, no matter how painful. Half-truths just will not do.

WINIFRED BEECHEY'S father was also an absentee for four years of her childhood, for he was away - though it was never quite clear to her and her sister just where - fighting in World War I. But there was little

other than a very genteel, and very lightly worn, poverty to shake the tranquillity of life in a crumbling cottage just outside a small Aylesbury village.

Maiden aunts came to stay. These were Winifred, beating gifts, and Kate, shocking the children with her "terrible grace". The Lord be praised, my belly's raised! "A foot above the table! And I'll be damned, if I'm not crammed! As full as I am able," for belly was only "stomach" in their proper circle, and breasts were "chest." Then there was Dorothy, "considered plain by her sisters," who insisted however that "breeding tells."

Beechey's wartime childhood was dominated by school, Sunday school and the neighbours. But while prayer was taken in ludicrously literal fashion, the tongue-in-cheek attitude with which she describes it is in sharp contrast to the mystery and absolute hold wielded by religion in Eleni's Lia. The village school emphasized the old-fashioned virtue of spelling: no child left without knowing "chrysanthemum," it had to be "broken into syllables," but it also taught decency.

There were tea parties at Lady Smyth's for whom mother did dress-making, and at a fête in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Children's Fund there was a blood-curdling talk on the dire poverty of the far-away big city that fed young Winifred's fantasies for years after.

And there was "after the war." With "only thirty pounds in the world," the buoyant Robinsons took on a derelict shop and started a drapery business. Father, always convinced "we shall go broke... all end in the workhouse," was in despair over Mrs. Robinson's haphazard bookkeeping: customers were identified as "Mrs. Sore Eyes," "Mrs. Five Children," "Mrs. Husband-Going-Aboard." Credit was given generously; whatever was not in stock - corsets started a profitable new line - was always "expected any day," and an order immediately sent off. When the goods arrived, the children were pressed into service as delivery girls. Crouching out of sight under the counter they heard the most intimate secrets. "He treated me terribly right from the start."

Beechey crams her pages with anecdotes: the visiting evangelist, the fair, trips to warehouses in London, father's inventions, the births (not always wanted) of other children. Throughout trials and poverty - the depression nearly ruined the family - there was always optimism, the conviction that wealth was around the corner, until better days did indeed arrive and the family more and more often ate "best butter," as mother's hand "went happily to the till for every delivery, every subscription."

In one of the book's finest and funniest set pieces, the Robinsons achieved the glory of a motor car. With grandma in attendance, the Robinsons set off for the sea, met by and overcoming every mechanical and human mishap, in a period when no one had to pass a driving test, but they made it home again safely, when father proudly saluted his wife as "the rich Mrs. Robinson."

The epithet was right on target, right to the end. For although, in old age, life contracted to a pathetic conservation of pennies, the Robinsons were indeed rich in spirit. Their daughter's witty memorial to them, beautifully understated, sharply observant, never sentimental, and discreetly and humorously illustrated with line drawings by Mary P. Taylor, matches their richness perfectly. Highly recommended.

THE JEWS have been throughout history humanity's whipping-boy. Again and again and again they were massacred, almost out of existence. Nearly three millennia ago the Assyrians obliterated the northern kingdom (Israel). Not long after that the Babylonians wiped out the southern kingdom (Judah).

Repeatedly "the temples would be burned down to the ground," writes Eban. "The people would be deported and dispersed. But through every vicissitude an irreducible core would endure." What is the reason for that obstinate survival?

He offers two explanations. The first relates to the widespread philosophy of the "golden age." Most civilizations believe in a utopia of that kind, but they see it as having occurred in the past. The present and the future are therefore an anti-climax which, says Eban, "leads to a melancholy and pessimistic view of human destiny."

The Hebrews were the only people to visualize the golden age as taking place "at the end of time" (when the Messiah comes); "so that history unfolds itself forward and

ERIC A. GOLDMAN'S *Visions, Images, and Dreams* is a unique attempt to chronicle every motion picture produced in the Yiddish language, regardless of national origin.

"The Yiddish cinema transcends territorial, political, and aesthetic boundaries. This film form evolved within the covering radicalism of Eastern Europe in the Twenties and Thirties and the 'traditionalism' of Hollywood. The plots and subplots touched on social and religious questions, and reflected Jewish life in transition. Yiddish cinema contains a richness that envelops Jewish theatre, music, and folklore."

For obvious reasons, Poland, Russia and the United States were the three centres of Yiddish film making. Sidney M. Goldin, an American who began his career directing gangster films, is considered the Grandfather of Yiddish cinema. To protest the harsh anti-Semitism in Czarist Russia, Goldin directed *The Sorrows of Israel* (1913), the tale of a young Jew who manages to escape a Cossack pogrom, and, with the aid of a Russian noblewoman, sails to the United States. Through this film, and his next effort, *Jewish Freedom* under *King Czinivir of Poland*, he "identified a new potential audience, the Jewish viewer." Goldin sought out and obtained financing through New York's myriad Jewish organizations, and continued his "Yiddish revolution" with *How the Jews Take Care of Their Poor*, *The Terrors of Russia* (a re-creation of the infamous Mendel Beilis case), and *Escaped from Siberia*.

At the same time, in Poland, the famous Kaminsky theatrical troupe began making films for Siles, the Warsaw film company. These movies always starred Esther Rokhl Kaminska ("the mother of Yiddish theatre") and her daughter, Ida Kaminska (much later, of *The Shop on Main Street* and *The Angel Levine* fame). Most of these movies were simply filmed recordings of already popular Yiddish stage plays, such as *Der Vilder Foter* (The Savage Father), *Di Shitfimer* (The Step-mother), *Mirele Effros*, *Got, Mentsh un Tayvel* (God, Man and Devil), and *Di Farshoyene* (The Forgotten).

Yiddish cinema proved to be a financial success until the advent of World War I in 1914. Distribution from community to community became hazardous, and the replacement of film stock became increasingly sporadic. Both Yiddish cinema and Yid-

ish theatre ground to an unceremonious halt.

The Russian Revolution and the end of World War I "brought classic liberties to Russian Jews." Yiddish cultural development was encouraged by the Communist Party, and, with the beginning of the Soviet film industry in 1925, Yiddish motion pictures were conceived of as an integral part of the industry's creative output.

Der Mabul (The Deluge) was a Soviet film based a story by Sholom Aleichem. It was "an attempt to show the unity of the Russian people, in their common historical quest for change and revolution. The picture showed how Jews suffered under Czarist rule, intimating that under the Soviet regime no such horror could befall them."

While the Communist Party doted on the Yiddish contribution to its "great, unifying quest," its attitude towards Hebrew was the exact opposite. The viability of the young Hibernia Theatre was questioned in 1925, "for its very goal was to present productions in

The Yiddish movie



VISIONS, IMAGES, AND DREAMS: Yiddish Film Past and Present by Eric A. Goldman. Ann Arbor, UMI Research Press. 224 pp. \$50.00.

Richard Penniman

Hebrew, a language and culture which came to be identified with 'reactionary clericalism' and 'Zionism.' Authorities believed that only through Yiddish, a language of the 'people,' could the sovietization of the masses be brought about; Yiddish phrases rooted in Hebrew or dealing with religious ceremony were slowly sifted out."

YIDDISH CINEMA in the United States adapted to the coming of talking pictures in order to accommodate the thousand of Jewish immigrant film-goers whose understanding of English was minimal. Central to this accommodation was Joseph Seiden, president of Judea Pictures. He produced many financially successful Yiddish films in America, and then tried his hand at international distribution.

"Palestine seemed a suitable location to try and Seiden made arrangements for the exhibition of *Mayne Yiddishe Mame*, at the Mograbi Theatre (1930). However, the Saturday night premiere of this, the first Yiddish talkie to be presented in Tel Aviv, set off a minor riot as members of the audience threw ink at the screen and set off foul-smelling bombs. Outside the theatre large crowds gathered to protest the use of Yiddish; British police had to be called to control the crowds. The following day, the picture was barred from being shown by the vice-mayor of the city until some kind of

arrangement could be made. The 'decision' was that the talking and singing parts in Yiddish were removed and the film was shown without sound. A Yiddish picture was not to be shown again in Palestine or Israel, in its original language, for almost forty years."

The five years prior to the beginning of the World War II are considered to be "the Golden Age of Yiddish Cinema." Both in Poland and in the United States, high quality sound productions with fine craftsmanship at all levels were made. Such films as *Yidl mitn Fidl* (Yidl with Fiddle), *Tkies Kaf* (The Vow), *Der Dibuk* (The Dybbuk), and *A Brivle der Mamen* (A Letter to Mother), in Poland and *Grin Felder* (Green Fields), and *Tevye de Milkhiker* (Tevye the Milkman), in the United States, featured such actors as Zygmund Turkow, Molly Picon, Ida Kaminska, Dina Halpern, Herschel Bernardi, Helcn Beverly, Moishe Oysner, David Opatoshu and Maurice Schwartz.

With the coming of the war, and then the Holocaust, Yiddish cinema (and most of its audience) abruptly vanished. "Despite some efforts after the war, Poland ceased to be one of the great centres of Yiddish life and culture; instead, it became its burial ground." In the United States, attempts were made after the war to resuscitate Yiddish cinema, but with little effect. The extermination of nearly six million Yiddish-speaking Jews negated any suggestions for mounting new productions. "No longer could a producer think of sinking twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars into a Yiddish picture with any hope of meeting costs, let alone bringing in a profit."

Eric Goldman's epilogue is entitled "A Rebirth of Interest, 1974." A number of Yiddish films have been painstakingly restored and presented at various venues, from old age homes to New York's Museum of Modern Art. They have been enthusiastically received, and, with the production of four new Yiddish pictures since 1980 in the United States, Goldman is optimistic. "A revival seems very much to be in the making."

I cannot in good conscience even begin to agree with the author's optimism (the vast majority of the potential audience are over the age of seventy), but I applaud his tilting a gap in the history of Jewish aesthetic pursuits.

Some have already recalled Akzin's long and creative career as initiator of the teaching of political science in this country. Others have discussed the interweaving of his thought and his activity, his involvement in national affairs, and the cool realism which have marked his academic and his public life.

Clarity was needed for its first part, which is about the basic elements of politics, and attempts to define a subject easily obscured by banalities and academic jargon. Controlled passion was just as necessary in writing the second part, which is about the object of politics, and in which Akzin discusses and criticizes basic approaches of colleagues and predecessors. This section of his book will certainly provoke debate.

However, in my view, it is the third part which best reveals the author. In his analysis of the instruments and techniques of politics, he conveys to a sensitive reader his personal experience in the difficult art of teaching how to apply political principles to political instruments for political ends. His message seems clear: Ambition must be checked by reason for politics to become what they must be - modern man's most difficult art form.

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Principled

YESODOT HA-MEDINA'UT HA-BEN-LE'UMIT (Principles of International Politics) by Benjamin Akzin. Jerusalem, Akademon, 372 pp. No price stated.

Dan Segre

AT A TIME when academics would contemptuously observe that a political scientist was either a failed politician, or a failed scientist, there was an institute in Paris that called itself *The School of Political Science*. It was, and is still, located near the Boulevard St. Germain, in a small side-street known to many outstanding French and French-speaking political figures. One of its legendary teachers in the late Fifties was the political geographer and sociologist, André Siegfried. In his book on the U.S., he wrote a memorable, and by that time probably quite wrong, sentence: "The Americans produce goods of good quality. We, the French, produce goods of quality."

As an ex-attaché of a then very young state, I once asked Siegfried what he thought of the quality of Israel's political leaders. "Difficult to say," he replied, "but you have such brilliant people at the Hebrew University that the quality shouldn't be particularly Levantine." I wonder what Siegfried would have said if he were alive today.

One man who has tried to fight Levantinism in Israel politics, and to maintain academic excellence, is Professor Benjamin Akzin. He has observed his 80th birthday with the publication of a book about the principles of international politics. It is typical of his intellectual rigour to have published, now, for the benefit of the third generation of his students, the first comprehensive and fundamental work on political science in Hebrew.

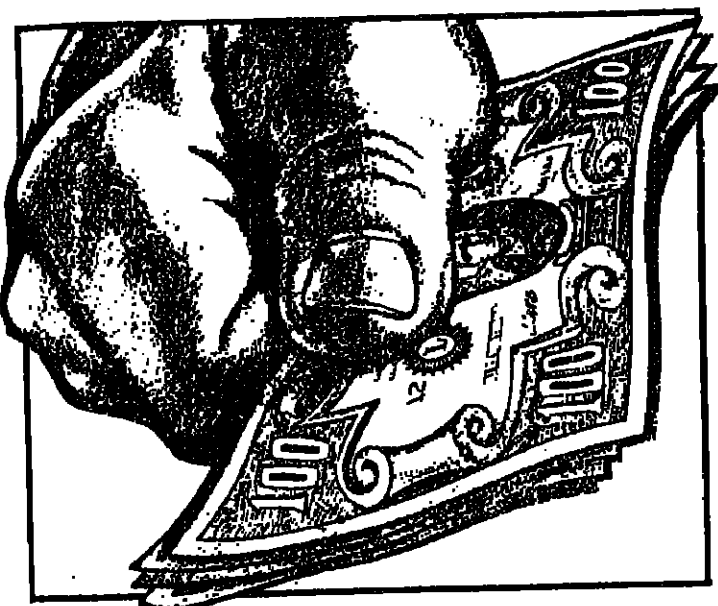
Akzin has written for the intelligent reader a book which combines qualities of thought, experience, intellectual honesty, clarity and scholarship. It is aimed in particular at the political Establishment. It is more than an academic testament, it is a call to his colleagues to maintain his attempt to teach complex political realities to the younger generation, in the critical and dispassionate style characteristic of this book.

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Another day, another dollar...



While the Israeli government was pleading its case to the U.S. for emergency economic aid, ten enterprising Israelis embarked on an ambitious self-help programme: they made their own money.

The counterfeiters were interrupted by police, who found \$12 million in bogus \$100 bills of such high quality that they fooled forged-dollar detector devices. The seizure might have helped reduce the Israeli Finance Ministry's aid request, except for the lack of credibility in "Made in Israel" money — even if they are "dollars." Meanwhile, ten (almost) self-made millionaires are sitting in prison wondering what it takes to make a buck in this country.

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Five of the best

FOR MORE than two decades, Saul Bellow has been probably the best of our novelists. His central impulse (and primary narrative strategy) has been to dramatize the scatter of contemporary life diffused through the minds of men — nearly always men — who maintain a running account of their soul's trespasses and honour. As Artur Sammler (in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*) we "must meet — through all the confusion and degraded clowning of this life through which we are speeding — the terms of the...contract...which, in his inmost heart, each man knows." The essential drama for Bellow in his maturity has always been how to act honourably. How aristocratic? Bellow may have begun as the child of post-modernism (*Dangling Man* appeared in 1944), but he has long circled in an orbit more Jamesian than Kafkian, has debated what course to take rather than whether to take a course at all. In Bellow's fiction, what is serious is the seamless flow of idea, thought, and feeling that may issue in significant choosing. All of the seemingly passive Augie March's "adventures" register so as to enable him to recognize his proper fate when it finally appears. And to choose it.

In all of this, Bellow shares terrain occupied also by his most serious rival, John Updike, but stands apart, a century apart, from the dominant naturalism and aesthetic sensation of Miller, Vidal, Roth, Heller, et al. In an age of solipsism, the writer who can persuade us that the terms of our contract entail obligations to others provides us with far more than heady prurient or sentimental diversion. A measure of our distance from James is that he could assume a moral dimension to the social fabric that Bellow must repeatedly reify. Indeed, the fabric itself is rent and torn, a condition Bellow in no way tries to conceal or deny. All the greater the necessity, his fiction argues, for a recognition of the permanent terms of our common humanity.

Him With His Foot in His Mouth marks his new departure. Saul Bellow is nearing 70. Except for *Henderson the Rain King* (1959), none of his novels seemed designed to startle us with novelty. (And that was superficial, a function of characterization and locale whereas the essential movement of the novel is typically from self-gratification to human reciprocity.) The five stories in this collection present familiar Bellow figures — a musicologist, a think-tankist, an intelligent businessman, a "world class intellectual," a filmmaker; their old pals, mistresses, uncles, cousins — a verbal, largely Jewish world of deals, divorces, rackets, ideas, and *isur*s, but not depletion, despair, and posturing alienation.

THE TITLE STORY is a confessional apology, in the form of a letter from Shawmut, a musicologist who once made a bundle from royalties on his *Introduction to Music Appreciation*, to a woman he gratuitously insulted 35 years before: "Oh, Dr. Shawmut, in that cap you look like an archaeologist." Before I can stop myself, I answer, "And you look like something I just dug up..."

"Awful," is Shawmut's present verdict, just the start of a parade of unplanned awfully wonderful insults that spring unawares from his perverse depths to complicate the course of his life and career. Most are very funny, and his victims de-

HIM WITH HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH and Other Stories by Saul Bellow. London, Secker & Warburg, 294 pp. £8.95.

Haim Chertok

serve his shafts. His fatal flaw is less his fanciful foot-in-mouth than his affection for his older brother, who swindles him royally. "When they tell you they're levelling, put your money in your shoe at once" is his hard-earned free advice.

Done in by his tongue and good-had lawyers, about to be extradited, near the end of his tether (with only a Swedenborgian to talk with in all Vancouver), Shawmut feels he must make amends for his mouly affront to Miss Rose. We honour him both for his sentimental stupidity about his brother, and for his futile apology. For his stance is not that of Melville's Confidence man: NO TRUST. Shawmut speculates about Allen Ginsberg: "An honest Jew? That would be Ginsberg the Confessor. Concealing no fact, Ginsberg appeals to Jew-haters by exaggerating everything that they ascribe to Jews in their pathological fantasies...I see something else in Ginsberg, however. True, he's playing a traditional Jewish role with this comic self-degradation...but...under all this all-revealing candour (or aggravated self-battery) is purity of heart." For Shawmut, for Bellow, that counts for a great deal. The traditional Jewish role Shawmut plays (with appropriate comic self-degradation) is that of him with *ashuva* in mouth.

THE LONGEST story in the book, "What Kind of Day Did You Have?" opens with more troubles: "Dizzy with perplexities, seduced by a restless spirit, Katrina Goliger took a trip she shouldn't have taken. A divorced suburban matron with two young kids, was she losing ground, were her looks going or her options shrinking so fast that it made her reckless?" Perhaps. She is summoned to meet "Victor Wulpy, the man in her life," in Buffalo, where he's giving a lecture. Wulpy is a professional intellectual-art historian. He is imperious, stingy, cynical, but "unnervingly fastidious about language...She got into trouble in San Francisco when she insisted that he see M*A*S*H...Afterwards, he could hardly bear to talk to her, an unforgettable disgrace." Since the story is told from Katrina's perplexed perspective, it takes some time to get a proper fix on Wulpy, the ageing Jewish intellectual. In the event his snobbishness leaves us in any doubt, however, Shawmut-with-Foot helps us with Wulpy (wolf?). Whereas the musicologist insults his would-be benefactors without premeditation, Wulpy walks out on a nudnik admirer after he first "put his thumbs to the sides of his head and wagged his fingers." Even the threat of the imminent downing of their plane in a blizzard does not check his nastiness to Katrina who, at the end of the day, back safely in Evanston, Illinois, from a trip she shouldn't have taken, is still in thrall, dizzy, and perplexed.

The best commentary on Wulpy is from a later story, "A Silver Dish": "It's usually the selfish people who are loved the most. They do what you deny yourself, and you love them for it. You give them your heart." But Bellow doesn't. The onset of death, a last chance to make

amends, is old Bellow territory (*Humboldt's Gift* or the unforgettable "The Old System" from Bellow's last story collection, *Mosby's Memoirs*). Ignorant Wulpy has thumbed his nose not at death but at the network of human obligations which are Bellow's firmest source of human value.

THE STORY I like best is "Cousins." Woody Selbst, a South Chicago businessman, "was not an ignorant person." He is generous. "After the new Disney World was opened in Florida, Woody treated all his dependents to a holiday...Halina enjoyed this more than anyone else. She couldn't stop talking about the address given by the Abraham Lincoln automation... Of them all, Halina was the soundest, the most human, the most honest," Bellow, of course, is not talking about propriety. Woody keeps a patch of marijuana growing behind his warehouse because "he did not like being entirely within the law. It was a simple question of self-respect," but he was moved when things were honest. "Honest! Bearing beams were honest, undisguised concrete pillars inside high-rise apartments were honest." Halina's joy at Disney World is honest. Wulpy despises honest Katrina at M*A*S*H, makes her despise herself. Allen Ginsberg, behind his posture of honesty, is honest nonetheless. "Cousins" tests the honest limits of family obligation, sorts out just how much weight and guile those undisguised concrete pillars can bear. It is a brilliant story.

But we are hardly surprised. Saul Bellow remains the writer who in equal measure and the highest measure taps our minds and our affections. Perhaps it's just my bias or fancy to see a link between the very style of the man and his vulnerability to the reemergence of Israel as something of account. Unlike Richter, unlike Malamud, unlike Philip Roth, unlike most American Jewish novelists, Bellow takes us with the seriousness we "cousins" perhaps too insistently demand.

The day may come when readers will glance over the list of Nobel Prize literature-winners of the past and, puzzling over how Pearl Buck, Paul Heyse, Grazia Deledda, Karl Gjellerup and Sinclair Lewis ever won the award, find Saul Bellow equally a mystery. But we won't live to see it.

The freeze

WINTER'S TALE by Mark Halpern. New York, Harcourt Brace, Jovanovich, 673 pp. \$15.95.

FLYING HORSES and halted time, cosmic pool games and just cities, souls and millennia — these are the motifs of *Winter's Tale*.

The cold is everywhere as the 20th century draws to a close. New York's surrounding waters turn into lakes of frozen ice upon which the mayoral candidate skates his way to election, while mysterious travellers through time plan the construction of the greatest of all bridges — a rainbow that will carry its passengers through the end of the century and into the future.

This novel is a little reminiscent of the contemporary South American story-teller who describes villages caught in a trance of fantasy and realism. Mystical and comic, epic and anecdotal, it's the story of the search for a just city, and of how love overcomes time.

Anyone who likes charged prose, New York, and the magical should enjoy *Winter's Tale*. R.B.R. 0

MY CHILDREN went back to school last week, and I went off to visit a chocolate factory. That may not sound fun, but it rarely is — and besides, I had taken them along on my previous visit to "Taste of Israel" in Rishon LeZion.

My return visit was not merely to make a pig of myself sampling chocolates as they came off the production lines, but to discover how a small, young firm can compete successfully with the veteran sweet-making giant complex of Elite-Lieber-C.D.

Elite, with its subsidiary plants, has long had a monopoly in the chocolate-making field here, the definition of a monopoly being any firm which produces over 50 per cent of a given commodity. Indeed, until recently, Elite was the only local company actually manufacturing chocolate, though there have long been several small firms making excellent chocolate confections after buying the raw chocolate from Elite or from abroad.

In recent weeks, I had noticed the appearance of Taste of Israel bittersweet and milk chocolate bars in a supermarket, at a price competitive with the simplest price-controlled chocolate bars from Elite. I was pleasantly surprised, because Taste of Israel started off, 11 years ago, making gourmet sweets to sell to tourists at Ben-Gurion Airport, plus a sprinkling of lollipops and bubble-gum for the local market. It is still doing these lines with considerable success, but has recently doubled its plant capacity and set its sights on a share of the local everyday chocolate market as well.

Some people may remember that Taste of Israel was founded by a flamboyant American immigrant, Natie Charles, who could pass as a double for Ezer Weizman, except that he used to sport a ten-gallon hat. Charles has since sold out to his partners and gone to study in a Jerusalem yeshiva. The principal owners today are Leonard Sackstein, a former South African lawyer, and Lawrence Goodman, a chemical engineer also from South Africa.

TASTE OF ISRAEL came out with its wrapped chocolate bars labelled "Maxime" a few months ago, but they were selling at the price level of Elite's "Noblesse" line, nearly IS300 per 100g. Sackstein admits that sales were practically nil. The reason the price had to be so high, he says, was that Taste of Israel was forced to accept the chain stores' usual credit terms of "the current month plus 60 days," and financing such a long credit period adds 44 per cent to the basic factory price of the product.

The breakthrough came when Sackstein was able to persuade Super-Sol's marketing manager Mordechai Kreiner to accept Taste of Israel's Maxime bars on the same terms as it gives Elite for its simple, price-controlled chocolate. When an item is under price control, the government sees to it that credit terms are short, in order to keep down the final price to consumer. Elite's simple chocolate bars are an item in the monthly cost-of-living basket.

The retail price of Maxime thereupon plummeted by more than IS100 per bar. This is not the first time I have seen evidence of ridiculously low credit terms keeping prices unnaturally high here.

SUPER-SOL, of course, did not agree to shorter credit terms out of an altruistic desire to help a small manufacturer. Rather, according to Sackstein, it liked the idea of building up an alternative source of

Chocolate challenge



chocolate supplies so as not to be at the mercy of Elite in future.

Having succeeded with Super-Sol, Taste of Israel made a similar short-credit deal with the management of the country's largest single supermarket chain, the Histadrut-affiliated Tel Aviv — Dan Hasharon Co-op, which stretched from Hadera to Eilat. Co-op had reportedly been ready to finalize a deal for an imported brand of chocolate in order to end its dependency on Elite, and jumped at the new offer of a local alternative.

This month, Co-op is selling 100g. bars of both Elite and Taste of Israel milk chocolate for IS188, while the bittersweet from both firms is IS214. Super-Sol has the same prices for Elite, but is having a "special" on the Taste of Israel bars which are marked at IS158, and IS180 for milk and bittersweet respectively.

If you ask Sackstein he will say that Taste of Israel's low-priced Maxime bars are superior in quality to Elite's standard chocolate "because ours have a higher percentage of cocoa butter." Each consumer, of course, will have to judge the taste for himself. But the Maxime bars certainly look better, because they have an attractively-designed wrapper.

I ASKED Sackstein why 100g. of milk chocolate is cheaper than 100g. of bittersweet. He says that this is because of an historical fluke, and the opposite should really be true today. When some years ago the price of cocoa powder on the world market soared sky-high, the government agreed to a higher controlled price for bittersweet than for milk chocolate, which contained a cheap, subsidized milk. Now that world cocoa prices have fallen, it is really more expensive to produce milk chocolate than bittersweet, Sackstein claims. Both his firm and Elite are selling simple milk chocolate today virtually on the borderline of profitability, he says. Yet they continue to make it, even at the low controlled price, because it is in

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

greater demand than bittersweet.

Another fact emerges from the price picture of the chocolate market. Because the non-controlled chocolates are sold to the chain stores at the conventional long credit terms, there is an unwarranted difference between the consumer price of the simplest chocolate bars and those considered to be of higher quality. There may be some difference in quality, but not enough to make it worthwhile paying the higher prices. In other words, the best buys in terms of value for money are the simple everyday chocolate bars, whether from Elite or Taste of Israel.

ONE WAY chocolate manufacturers sometimes attempt to cut prices in the consumer's favour is to use a substitute oil for the very expensive cocoa butter which is a major ingredient of real chocolate, along with the dry cocoa powder and sugar. Israeli labelling laws permit the word "chocolate" only for products made with pure cocoa butter. Products containing substitutes — such as palm-kernel oil, polwar (also extracted from the palm kernel), soybean oil or coconut oil — are labelled in Israel with the term "cemcao" or some spelling variation thereof.

"There is nothing wrong with using a cocoa-butter substitute — so long as you know when to use it," declares Sackstein. His firm makes a chocolate substitute with coconut oil for sale to the ice cream industry, but says this is not practical for eating chocolate, as coconut oil has a very low melting point. Polwar and soybean oil as cocoa butter substitutes leave a sticky margarine taste on the roof of the mouth, Sackstein claims, and his firm prefers to use palm-kernel oil in what it calls its compound chocolate, or "cemcao."

To avoid confusion for the public,

what it terms "modest retail markups."

ONE OF THE reasons why Taste of Israel is on good terms with the giant Elite is that it buys a good deal of Elite merchandise for the 'Taste of Israel' shops at Ben-Gurion Airport, thus enabling it to widen the range of products offered to departing travellers. Plans for the future at the airport are even more ambitious. Within a few months, Sackstein says he will open a self-service food store at the airport, which will offer a broad range of Israeli food products, including fresh fruits and vegetables, flowers and bulbs, under a special arrangement with Agrexco, the agricultural export cooperative. These fresh products will carry a certificate indicating the countries into which it is permissible to import them. Generally speaking, such items cannot be carried into the U.S., but may be taken into most European countries.

The cheapest place to buy Taste of Israel products is at the factory outlet itself in the industrial zone of Rishon LeZion two streets beyond the Matzot Rishon factory. The shop is open 8 a.m. — to 4.30 p.m. Sundays through Thursdays, and the ordinary customer can buy at wholesale prices. Cheapest of all are the "rejects" — items that have been blemished on the production line but taste perfectly fine. Some Elite products are sold here too.

For some consumers, a big advantage of Taste of Israel products over those of Elite is that the former all carry the kosher certification of both the ultra-Orthodox Agudat Yisrael rabbinat and the local Rishon rabbinat. Their bittersweet chocolates are all labelled *parve*, whereas ordinary dark chocolates from Elite are not, because Elite does not maintain as strict a separation in the vats and utensils used for making milk and bittersweet chocolates. The Elite complex, for its part, caters to the ultra-Orthodox trade through a special line of products under the label "Megadim" with an ultra-Orthodox *hechsher*. (Taste of Israel does not qualify for Agudat Yisrael approval for Pessah for all its products.)

AIRPORT SALES and direct exports (mainly to the U.S. and South Africa) today account for some 35-40 per cent of Taste of Israel's total production. I was pleased to hear that the American market is receptive to its products, not only because of their special appeal to the kosher Jewish trade, but because the firm can produce items such as lollipops which are cheaper for U.S. stores than some American brands. In fact, Taste of Israel lollipops sell more cheaply in America than here. Again, this is attributable to the strange price structures here dictated by the disastrous combination of long credit terms of galloping inflation, which requires manufacturers to hike their prices to compensate. If local price contracts were fixed in dollars or if credit terms were significantly shortened, prices to the Israeli consumer could go down dramatically, Sackstein assures me.

Near his desk hangs a printed sign which reads: "At the moment we are being extra polite — as soon as business perks up, this will stop." At the moment, Taste of Israel is indeed a model of courtesy and Western-style initiative. Long may it last.

For my part, I asked Sackstein when Taste of Israel would be large and strong enough to sponsor a basketball team, as its giant competitor Elite does. He simply smiled, as if to say that this is still a long way off.

Martha Meisels